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Yoshio MarKino

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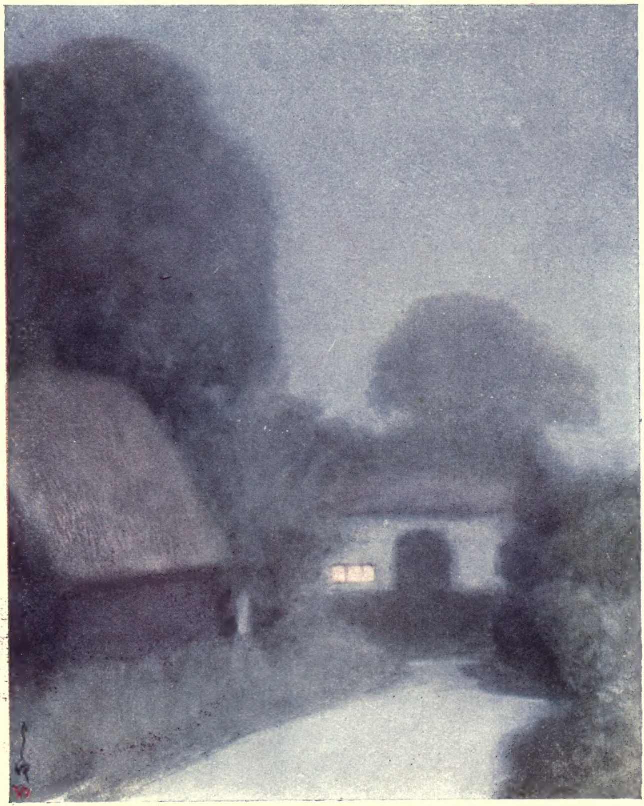
MY RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS



WEDHAMPTON UNDER THE MOON.

34-5

MY RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON,"
"WHEN I WAS A CHILD," ETC.

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TO

ITSUKUSHIKI

MRS. FLORA ROSCOE

PREFACE

Perhaps there is nobody in this world who is passing his life without any disappointment. If there were, he must be a fool. On the other hand, if one has nothing but all disappointments, he is still greater a fool. Because this world is not made especially for any certain people. We all had or have some ambition, and the world does not always fulfil our ambitions.

When our ambition is not fulfilled it irritates our sense, and that irritation becomes a solid crystallisation in our minds, which we call "disappointment." Therefore those who have no disappointment must have neither ambition nor sense to be irritated. They must be fools no doubt! But if one meets with some disappointments, each time he ought to get the most valuable thing called "wisdom" in his head. This wisdom would guide him to his ambition, perhaps through patience and perseverance, or by realising his way was wrong, and so taking a new, wiser plan. Only those who cannot get this wisdom will be always disappointed in this world. So you see they must be fools too.

Whenever I had great disappointments I always welcomed them heartily, for I knew they were the very source to get the greater wisdom.

Our life is just like the anglers. In those olden times in Japan, the daimyos used to angle in the lakes where many fishes were fed purposely. So it was quite certain that they could catch some fishes. But that was not exciting sport at all. So with our life. If we could fulfil all our wishes exactly as we wanted without trouble, how very dull must be this world ! ! Fortunately we are angling in some unknown lakes—even the depth of the lakes we don't know. Anyhow, we have to throw the bait into one of these lakes. We must do so with our Faith first. Then gradually we are realising the fact whether there are some fishes or not. If there are some large fishes we must keep on our patience until we catch them. But if we ascertain that there is no fish, we must go to another lake at once without delay.

In such a way I have begun to look upon

this world, and to-day I feel I have caught some fishes, though they are rather different sorts of fishes than what I was imagining when I started my life. The fishes which I have caught and which I am going to show you now are *My Recollections and Reflections*, and a few sketches. Especially the sketches are much more inferior than I have been imagining. This is my sincere confession; but I do not pretend myself and try to conceal all my games.

Those who have made the greater sport may laugh at my small games. I only kneel down before them and beg them to lead me on.

And, on the other hand, there may be many youngsters who are just going to start their sports (or life-voyage). I feel it is my duty to show them all the fishes I angled (no matter how small they may be), in case these may be useful in a way as the references for their future life.

In this book I have so often quoted the names of the ancient Chinese or Japanese. I must explain why. The human life is always almost same in the past, the present, and surely in the future, though there have been some changes materially. For instance, just compare those who used to travel in the sedans and those on the aeroplanes. Is there any difference in their hearts?

Some of those ancient Chinese understood the humanity so well. We are only repeating the same. That is all.

Of course I myself do not mind to take the examples from the living persons at the present time.

But by doing so, some good people may easily be embarrassed when their own names are mentioned, and some bad people may bring the libel actions against me, which has been severely warned by my publishers.

Therefore, readers, please try to apply those ancient Chinese or Japanese names directly to your own neighbours. I assure you that you can easily find out Confucius, Laotze, Mencius, "Blue Flies," or even Judas Iscariot among your surrounding people. Their names are different, their faces are different, but their hearts are the same at anywhere and any time. How many millions have been born and died since the human history began? And how many millions are actually living in this world? I am sure I don't know. But I can classify them into a few stripes less than the numbers of the rain-bow colours. And how I have been recollecting about them, and how they are reflected upon me? That is what you will read from the next page.

May I quote what my schoolmaster, Mr. Iinuma, said to me some twenty years ago?

"This world is false; I am afraid you shall be disappointed with it. But in this false world there exists the Truth, almost like the miracles. You shall be lucky if you can find it out, for it will make your whole life perfectly happy."

I want to add: "The only key to find out that Truth is our own Faith."

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MY RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

FRIENDSHIP

CHILDREN love chocolate, honey, and syrups. Grown-up people love whisky and soda or champagne. I too love all of them. At the same time I can live without them. Nobody ever said that he loved water. But who could live without it for a single day? Too many flattering words between friends are chocolate, honey, or syrup to me, and their delicate etiquette may be champagne or soda water. I am neither a god nor a machine, but a human, and I possess the very human flesh.

Therefore I confess that I always jump at the first cup of flattering words or manner of people, and I am delighted with its sweetness and delicacy. But how long could I be buried in it?

I often slip myself off from a large society reception and come back quite alone and exclaim, "Oh, give me the pure water, or else I shall be sick soon!" What is the pure water to me? It is the real friendship, which I am going to talk about in this chapter.

(By saying that, I do not mean to accuse any of those society people. Who knows, every one of them might have become my real friends. At least, each of them must have certain friends who are quite *water* to themselves. Only the systems and arrangement of such "Societies" prevents the real friend-making. I myself am always open-hearted, and try to make the real friends. But it is absolutely out of place—just like a little salt on the ice-cream! I feel myself more like a fool or a lunatic.)

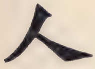
Yes, I always compare the genuine friendship with the water. Sometimes we forget the benefits which the water gives to us. Sometimes we are very ungrateful to it. But how earnestly we long for it when we are away from it for only a few hours! So with friends! Indeed friendship is the very thing I live for. It can or ought to exist between man and woman as well as among men or women themselves, and I myself have witnessed that happy union of man and woman. But a disaster often happens between the different sexes. For another element, called the sexual love, often comes in too soon before they get to know each other, and that makes them utterly blind.

The other evening a lady author made a

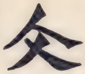
humorous speech after a dinner. She said, "There is a misunderstanding between men and women which we call 'love.'" She was, of course, joking. But it has more value than mere humour. The words "husband and wife" or "parent and children" do not always signify the word "friend." How happy and lucky must be those who have all their families "friends"!

To-day I am writing this chapter mostly about the devoted friendship among men. I see in the English Dictionary that the word "friend" is from "fréond," or "to be loving."

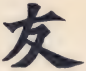
In the ancient Chinese ideogram there were two words—hō and yū. The ideogram of hō is composed of a repetition of the ideogram "flesh"—put side by side. And yū is composed of a repetition of the ideogram "human"—intermingled. Now, we Japanese use the two words together, "hōyu," for "friend."



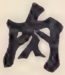
Human.



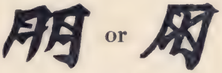
The ancient Chinese character "yū."



The modern character.[1]



Flesh.



"Hō."

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[1] Confucius has given a splendid parable about the difference between "hō" and "yū." "There was a very filial son. His family

In one word, it is the affinity between two humans.

Each atom, every molecule of the same kind always has the "attraction," and so with the human heart. It is the law of Nature. Only when some impure elements are existing in our hearts that often prevents the power of attraction. Lucky are those who can easily throw away their mental impurities, such as selfishness, jealousy, suspicions, &c. For they shall have the stronger affinity of friendship.

Even when one has a short journey across the seas, he can make the deeper friendship with someone on board than when he is on the land. For their destination is the same. Then while we are having that long journey of our life, it is quite natural for us to have the friendship with one who has the same destination as ourselves. Struggling together

---

was very poor. When his father was ill in bed, he used to make nice dishes for the father. The father asked him if there were more dishes; he always answered, 'Yes, I have very much more.' Then the father would say, 'Give the rest to all our friends.'

"There was another filial son, and when his father was ill, he, too, used to make nice dishes. But whenever his father asked him if anything was left, he always answered, 'Not much.' Because this son wanted to give the rest of the dish to his own father next time."

The former son's devotion to his father was "yū," or the affinity of the human heart. The latter's devotion was "hō," or the sympathy of the human flesh.

against the tempests and high waves of our life, the affinity of friends is getting stronger and deeper every day.

During that war period in China (between the times of Confucius and Mencius) there were two great friends, Hōshik and Kanchū. Kanchū said, "When I was poor, I had a business with Hōshik. I took more share of our profits than I ought to have had. He never called me greedy, because he knew I was very poor. When I planned some business with him, I failed, but he never called me a fool. For he knew the luck does not always follow after the best brain-work. I went to the war, and I retreated three times, but he never called me a coward. For he knew I had a very old mother at that time. When I was a subject of the Prince Kyū, he was defeated and I was prisoned and much insulted. But Hōshik never called me 'shameful'! For he knew I never cared for such small insults, as I had a greater ambition in the future. It was my parents who brought me up, but it is Hōshik who knows me!"

Hōshik advised the King of Sei to make Kanchū as a Grand Chancellor, and Hōshik himself served under the command of Kanchū. And Kanchū succeeded in making flourish the country of Sei. The nation admired the friendly sympathy of Hōshik more than the wisdom of Kanchū. (From the Shiki, the ancient Chinese History by Shibasen.)

A little later on, China was divided by the seven kings. The King of Jin was very strong, and the other six kings were afraid of him. At this time there were two great speakers called Sojin and Chōgi. They both were the scholars of the same school.

Sojin succeeded first, and became the Grand Chancellor of the six kings. He made the strength of the six countries by allying them against the King of Jin. Chōgi was still a very poor scholar. Thinking that Sojin was his dear schoolmate, Chōgi thought his friend would do something beneficial to him. One day Chōgi called upon Sojin. But to his great disappointment Sojin was very cool to Chōgi.

The latter thought he would go to the King of Jin, the very enemy of Sojin, and persuade him to break the alliances among the six kings.

Sojin said to his own secretary, " My friend Chōgi is a great man. He is greater than myself. But he is still poor. I was afraid his poverty might make him satisfied with small things. Therefore I have offended him on purpose. Now I know he is going to Jin, my enemy. There he ought to get the highest position. That was my sincere wish for the sake of friendship. However, the King of Jin will not see Chōgi if he is so poor. Now you must not tell him that you are my secretary, but go to him and supply him with everything necessary to him." The secretary took the carriages, horses, and plenty of money, and followed after Chōgi. Chōgi succeeded to see the King of Jin, who appointed him the Grand Chancellor.

The secretary of Sojin wanted to bid a farewell to Chōgi.

Chōgi said, "Through your generosity I have succeeded my ambition. Pray stay with me. I must return your kindness."

The secretary confessed the truth. "I, a humble secretary, have done nothing to you. It was all the kindness of my great master Sojin. I must go back and inform my master about your success. He will be delighted."

Chōgi sighed and said, "Oh, have I been in that kind and thoughtful trap of my friend again? How could I persuade the King of Jin to attack the six kings for whom my dear friend is working! Go back to your master and tell him, 'I, Chōgi, shall never interfere your master's plans as long as he is living."

Chōgi was very true to his words. It was after Sojin's death that he assisted the King of Jin to break the alliances of the six kings.

In Japan, during the war between White and Red Flags in the twelfth century, there was a famous poet-warrior called Tadanori. He belonged to the Red Flag family, which was defeated by the White Flag. They all were retreating from Kioto, the capital, to the Western boundary. Tadanori joined to the rest of his family, and was running away about seven or eight miles. Suddenly he recollected "something." He turned the head of his horse towards Kioto and returned to the house of his poet-friend Toshinari, who belonged to the White Flag. It was such a wet and dreary night, and so very late, too, Toshinari must be sleeping! The poet-warrior knocked and knocked at the gate of his friend. "Ah, no wonder you do not open your gate! So unfortunately I belong to the Red Flag families, who are the enemy to you. However, listen to me: after we all, the Red Flags, shall be annihilated in the Western Sea, and when the nation will enjoy the peace again, surely you will gather the poetries into a book one day. I have been composing all these poetries lately. I am not afraid of my death, which is imminent every day, but I am grieving to think that all my poetries might be drowned in the sea together with my body. Therefore I have come back to hand all those poetries to you. Pray select some of them in your book."

Toshinari, hearing this pathetic appeal of his friend, came out to the gate. First he wanted to welcome his poet-friend. But he was afraid it might give some trouble to both of them. So he opened the tiny bamboo gate half-way and stretched out his hand. Tadanori put his papers on it. The kind and sympathetic hand grasped it, and it was withdrawn inside the gate, and the gate was shut again.

"Oh, how happy am I," said Tadanori, "to think my poetries will be immortalised!" He rode away as quickly as possible. The poor poet-warrior was killed in the war of the Western Sea a few months later. But his friend was very faithful. When the peace was proclaimed, he published a famous poetry book, in which he put the works of Tadanori, with the note, "The poet's name unknown." In those days they were not allowed to mention the political offenders' names. But to-day, even the school-children know this poet-warrior's name. Thus his name was immortalised by his *real friend.*

Those ancient philosophers like Confucius, Mencius, Laotze, and others had always been seeking the genuine friends not only in their own date, but in the past as well as in the future. The history says Confucius loved the great philosopher Shūko, who was born 500 years before him. And he read "Yeki," by Shūko, so often that the leather bindings were worn out three times. (In those days the manuscripts were engraved on the pieces of bamboo, which were bound up by the leathers.)

He always quoted the words of the ancient philosophers and good kings who passed away a long time ago, and very often he quoted the words of the very ordinary peasants in his own day. Certainly most of these peasants were quite ignorant and not much worth for the world. Then why did Confucius mention them? Because he was seeking the real friends so earnestly. And if even such ignorant folks just casually departing from the worldly impurity, said somethings which touched his friend-seeking heart, Confucius was always so very pleased.

He must have thought, "Oh, I am not alone in this world!" every time he said, "How very good and how very true is this saying!" Thus Confucius encouraged everybody to have their natural affinity, called Friendship. But, above all, why have all those philosophers left their books behind? Evidently every one of them was seeking his friends in the further future. And they were absolutely right. They have been meeting with the real friends from time to time in these several thousand long years. Who can help but feel the real genuine friendship by reading those books?

Let me now quote a few passages more from those books, which will surely have the affinity with your hearts, if you are away from all the worldly impurity and if you are really seeking the friends.

Laotze said, "My Tao (doctrine) is the simplest and easiest one, but why don't the people follow after it?" This is just it! His heart was quite pure. He was spreading out his arm to embrace everybody as his friend. Alas, people had impurity in their hearts, and they lost their affinity and cast away this real human from the dirty and disgusting social circle!

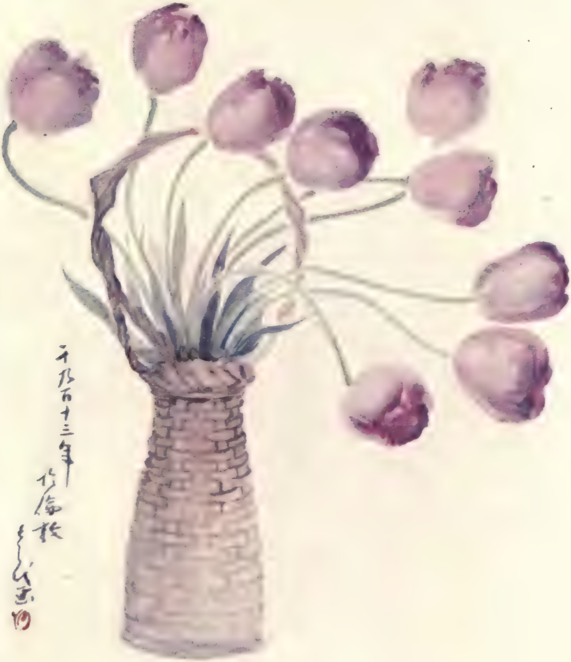
Confucius said, "If worldly ambition can be attained by work, I don't mind to be 'a man with the whip' (he meant the driver). If not, I shall rather do what I like best."

Evidently Confucius was much luckier than myself to be able to say, "I shall rather do what I like best." I myself had scrubbed the floor and washed the windows and all sorts of works which were far worse than to be "a man with the whip." I did it not to attain all what I wanted, but to save my life from the starvation. However, the words of Confucius were a great encouragement all through my life. The social condition seems to be improving slowly and slowly every day. But there are still many unfair things practised on our daily life. Let us work and try to practise the French national motto, "Egalité, Fraternité, et Liberté." Confucius, so friendly with us, was crying out for it some two thousand years ago.

The great orator Sojin (I have already mentioned his name in this chapter) spent all his allowance for studying under Professor Kikok. He went home very poor. His brothers and sisters laughed at him. His brother's wife said, "We all have been investing our own fortunes in the farming or in commerce, and we are earning 20 per cent. Therefore we are well off. You, young fool, have sent all your share to that nonsensical study. No wonder why you are starving!" They had no sympathy towards the poor young scholar. Sojin was very ashamed of himself. He went away to study more. Nobody bid "good-bye" to him. He worked and worked very hard. In a few years' time, he has become the Grand Chancellor for the six kings. He came back home again in a gorgeous carriage, and hundreds of his servants followed after him in a procession. All his brothers and sisters could hardly lift up their heads. Sojin said, "Why are you so different to me now?" His sister-in-law answered him in a trembling voice, "Why, thou art so noble and so rich!" Sojin sighed and lamented. "This is only my same self. But, lo! even my own family and relatives are treating me differently, according to my outward condition. Now I can well imagine how the strangers must be treating the strangers. *If I only had two acres of the rice-field last time when I came home, I am sure I would never have become the Grand Chancellor to-day!*" He spread out all his money among the poor. Sojin was such a dear indeed!

Just when I started writing this chapter a friend of mine has sent me dozens of beautiful Darwin tulips. The poor flowers! The gentle petals seemed in such suffering from the lack of water for some while. I threw my pen on the desk and hurried to put them in a flower vase. At first, those tender stalks seemed as if they were too weary to lift up such large blossoms. They all were drooping by their own weight. But before I finished a few hundred words I looked at them. They had begun to stand up straighter, and every one of them looked so happy. Thank heavens the water saved their lives. I smiled at them, and I loved them. The friendship to our human heart is just like the water to the flowers.

A few years ago one of my John Bulless friends used to live in a flat, and she had a roof garden. It was my pleasure to help her watering that little roof garden. One day I noticed many paper knots tied up on a young Virginian creeper. I asked her what that meant. She told me all the trouble which she was meeting with her family and neighbours. She was much depressed with her lonely, friendless life. "But," she said, "look at this innocent creeper. It is growing every day. You see, I mark its height with the knots every evening, and how nice it is to see it growing! And I feel perfectly happy when I see those vines are twisting themselves to the bamboo railings. This vine is the only real friend of mine in this world!" I thoroughly understood her meaning. She was much suppressed by her surrounding people, and she so badly wanted to grow up freely, and now, seeing the nature was



DARWIN TULIPS.

so natural, she and that vine had such deep affinity. Even the flowers, birds, and animals have some strong affinity to our friend-seeking hearts. And almost all genuine human beings have always made friendship with those natural beings, because their own natures are so simple and sincere and their hearts are touched with the natural beings. But if the human heart can understand the other human heart and touch each other, nothing could be sweeter in this world. Even if we were born in the different period and could not meet each other, we can well enjoy our friendship through the books. But how lucky must be one who has met with his real friend in this world! And I was really the very luckiest one when I met with my compatriot artist, Bushio Hara, in London. Our friendship was that of water, and not like chocolate or syrup. While we were together, we used to talk just as we liked. Very often we were ungrateful to each other. But how indispensable he was! I have found it more so than ever since he went back to Japan. Whenever I met with happiness as well as sorrows, or whenever I saw nice views or any subject suitable to paint or any interesting people, something always prompted into my heart, "Oh, write to Hara." And every word of mine was responded-to deeply in his heart. I heard more than once that he too said to his friends, "When I write to Markino, I always scribble any words handy to me. It is quite all right. He will grasp my meanings!" It was just like the champion players of the tennis. Whenever I threw the ball, he was ready to send it back with his racket, and I did the same. No single word of ours was ever thrown on the ground and wasted. I am well proud to compare our friendship with those of the ancient Chinese philosophers, which I have written in the beginning of this chapter. His death on October 28th 1912 was a great shock to me. If I see or think something in my daily life, I often ask to myself, "Whom shall I tell this now?" Hara promised me to come back to London, and so I have been always and always waiting him. I have been keeping many things for him to do.

First of all, I was always wishing that one day he would write a book, about his life, his opinions and impressions on art and life of the East as well as West. Now, hearing of his death, I feel this responsibility has fallen upon me. This is why I am going to write all that I am recollecting about him. But I know it is so poorly done. Only if he did it while he was alive, it would surely interest the public ever so much more.

One evening Hara and I were going back from the Bolton Studios to our lodgings in Sydney Street. We came out to the Thistle Grove. It was really our ideal. We both shouted out at the same moment, "Oh, let me sketch!" Then Hara said to me, "Can't you give me this subject?" I said, "I suppose Art is just like Love. Two men cannot have one girl. I will give her to you, though I am not in less love with this view than you, by any means!" He was delighted. He did a rough pencil sketch, but he could not finish it. Ever since he went to Japan, I often wrote to him, "Come back to London. Thistle Grove is still awaiting you!" Once he answered me, "Have you not sketched it yourself yet? Oh, you most sentimental fellow! You know I have only joked at that time!"

However, I could not dare to sketch it. Now, after his death, I have made a sketch as the souvenir of our friendship.

This is why I am inserting this sketch here.

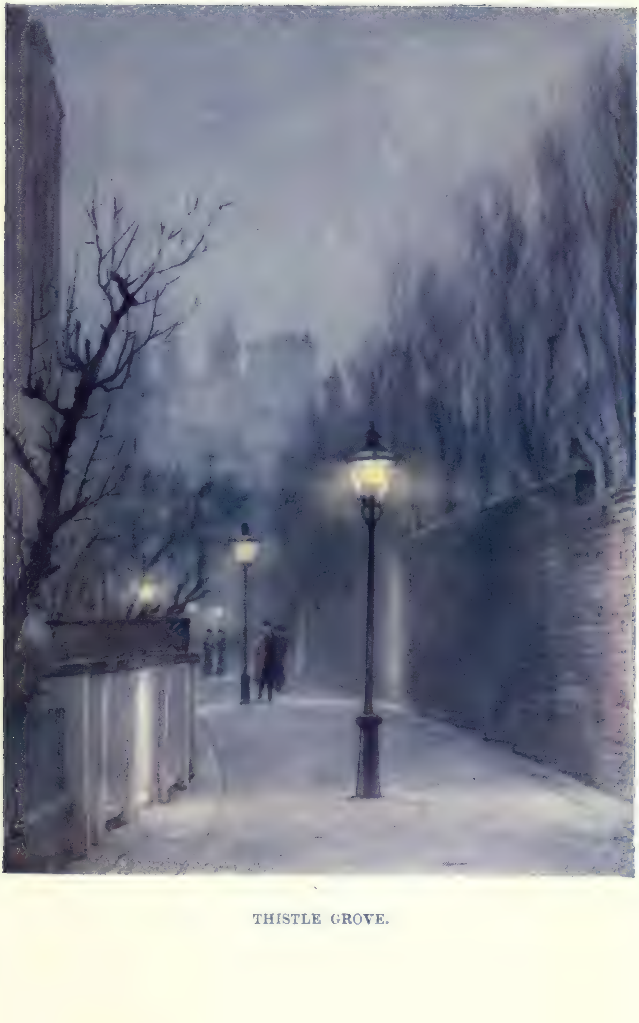
CHAPTER II

HARA

IT was early autumn of 1905 when I met with Hara at my lodgings in Sydney Street. I have already written (in *A Japanese Artist in London*) roughly about our first meeting, and also how kind he has been to me.

When he arrived in London he lived in Hampstead. He used to visit me every day, and stayed in my room until midnight. In fact I was struggling against my sheer poverty at the time, so I began to be alarmed. If I spent every day for the conversations with him, what would become of my life? One night, after he was gone, I wrote him quite gently, "You know the time is very precious for both of us. Is it not better, for our own sake, to devote all our time for the study, for we could not make out much with our daily dull conversations?"

Nevertheless, he came to see me on the very next day, with my letter in his hand. "Ah, Markino, I am afraid I am annoying you



THISTLE GROVE.

every day, because you are the person to give, and I to receive—always—yes, always to receive some very valuable lessons." I gave away myself in spite of the difficult circumstances of my hard life, and accepted him heartily, and cancelled my proposal to him. For I knew he was a rare genuine artist. I said to myself, "Art is universal. If this genuine artist would succeed through me, it is worth to sacrifice my own part. It is not wasting time, after all."

But who ever expected that our situations were entirely changed only a few months later, and I have become the receiver of his valuable Art, friendship, kindness, and everything?

Hara continued, "How very different are East and West! About our daily life, I did expect some difference, and I can manage everything quite soon. But my great astonishment is about the art. I was at the National Gallery just this morning. Those masterpieces are absolutely different from my anticipation. Those reproductions and copies in Japan have entirely deceived me. For instance, when I saw a reproduction of Corot's pictures in Japan, I thought they were painted very thick. But look at the originals; they are as thin as water-colours! And all other masterpieces! Oh, they are so different from what I thought. How shall I start my study?"

In fact Hara was a man of great self-possession. You could easily judge that even from his appearance. He looked like a lawyer rather than an artist. But on his arrival to England he seemed very much confused. He himself said to me, "Oh, Markino, I have received 'méng'! ('Méng' is the fencer's term when he receives a fatal blow of the rival's sword upon the face.) I said, just for fun, "I am afraid fox is dwelling in your head."

"Yes, Markino, that is quite true. Fox must be playing a trick in my head!"

Such an intellectual man with sense (more than the common-sense) like Hara would not let the fox dwell in his head very long. In a few weeks' time he settled down to work. He painted a portrait of a young lady in Hampstead. I said to him, "No doubt you are a real artist—far greater artist than myself. Your drawing is perfect, but, frankly, your oil——"

"Yes, I know exactly what you mean. I could not find anyone in Japan to learn the oil painting from. I don't know how to handle the oil."

"Neither do I!"

I took him to Mr. M. H. Spielmann. Mr. Spielmann was kind enough to give us a lecture in his "study" for more than an hour. Then he introduced us both to Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. Arthur Hacker, and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. They all invited us to their studios, and showed us all their works and everything. Especially Mr. Solomon asked me to pose, and showed Hara how to paint my portrait in oils. I think Hara has learnt something beside the oil painting. Hara said to me, "How generous and how open-hearted all of them are! Of course we Japanese are quite hospitable to the foreigners when they come to Japan, and we would or at least should do the same. But I wonder if every Japanese would do so? I fear some Japanese would like to keep their own professions quite secret!"

"I fear," I said, "there are some English people just same. But don't you see, Hara? Suppose there is a little pond in a garden. When it is in very dry summer, some housekeepers would refuse to give away a cupful water from that small pond. But in the Pacific Ocean you can carry away tons of water any time." "Um! do you mean our English friends are too great to keep any secret? Or do you mean they are self-contented? Or are they not expecting us to return thanks?"

"I should not take their kindness in that way, my dear friend. The beauty of the real human nature is to be simple and natural. Indeed we ought to give away the water even from our small pond. But, by all means, we must not expect its payment."

"Ah, but it is the human nature to expect some payment—only in different ways. Some inferior friends expect us to pay them money in cash. A little better friends expect us to pay them something which would interest them or amuse them. Some society people belong to this class. They often invite us artists to be their geishas. The very best friends do their kindness to see us *succeed.* I must say they *are* the genuine friends. But I fear them most. Because if we could not pay them back that most difficult price called 'success' they would be more disappointed in us than any other kind of friends." Then Hara told me that he had so often had an offer "to pay all his expenses to come out to Europe to study." But with that fear that he would disappoint the giver, he refused all offers, and waited until he made his own money to come out. I admired his independent spirit, and agreed with him so far that we should not forget the kindness of our superior friends, and we must try to succeed and please them. "But," I proceeded, "whenever anybody tries to be kind to me I take it simply with thanks, and I never suspect that he is expecting its price-payment. At least, if I ever become into such a position to help my neighbours, certainly I would not expect anything from them. That happiness which comes into my heart instantaneously when I do something to my friends is the ample reward for me."

In the continuation of our conversation, Hara told me some queer story of the late Kikgoro (one of the three greatest actors in Japan). Kikgoro was a great friend of Hara. He had a charming cottage on the seashore near Tokio. He often invited Hara to his cottage, and was very proud of the nice view from the windows. The villagers were going to build a public school, and Kikgoro contributed a large sum of money to the school. The thoughtless villagers had chosen the school grounds just in front of Kikgoro's cottage. Kikgoro was alarmed, and said to Hara, "If they build the school there, it would spoil the view from my window. I am going to contribute more money to the villagers. Then, perhaps, they will remove the school." But a few weeks later Kikgoro came to Hara in despair. "Oh, Hara San, it is hopeless! They were delighted with my additional contribution, but those most thoughtless folks are going to add one more story higher, because they got more money. My cottage will be entirely hidden from the view. Hara San, do you think such thoughtless folks could understand my acts?" Hara and I often had discussions about that most complicated Japanese nature and the simpleness of the English people.

Hara had a young Japanese student friend. One day he said to Hara, "I have been in London for four weeks already, and now I know London quite well."

"What do you mean?" Hara asked. The young fellow answered, "Well, now I know where are the British Museum, the National Gallery, Bank, &c. &c., and I know which bus I ought to take for my destination." Hara seemed quite indignant. "And you declare yourself that you 'know London' for that! Your poor father! Has he sent you here to be a map-maker of London? If that was your purpose, I wish you had stayed in Japan. I could send you the maps and photos of all London views. That would fulfil your ambition perfectly. If you are serious and sincere, don't dream such a big and vast question as 'to know London.'"

Hara gazed at me with a witty smile. I said, "I have been in London for more than eight years, and am going to spend all the rest of my life here; but I wonder if I shall be able to say 'I know London' at my death-bed. It would be far more difficult than to recite the whole volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica!*"

Hara was happy.

"Do you hear what Markino says? Pray limit your study into a much smaller scale. What! The English literature! That is still too big. Say Shakespeare! Even that I very much doubt whether you succeed or not in your two years' stay in England!" (In fact, Hara was very true to his own words. More than once, I asked him if he would like me to guide him to the London Tower, Crystal Palace, &c. &c. He shook his head, and said, "I have come out here to study how to use the oil paints; I have no time to do anything else." He devoted all his time for his study, and all that he saw in London for three years were perhaps only the streets between his lodgings and the National Galleries.)

At this time another Japanese, Wakamiya, a student of sociology, was staying in London.

We three used to discuss the question of Humanity almost every night; and a little later on Hara removed to my place in Sydney Street.

At the same time Hara began to attend to the National Gallery, Tate Gallery, and South Kensington Museum, and he copied several masterpieces. He worshipped Rembrandt; I remember he copied "Rabbi" by Rembrandt, and he did the same again. When the first copy was done, he showed it to me. "What do you think of it, Markino?" I said, "Awfully good!"

He was provoked. "Oh, my dear friend, don't pay such a vast compliment to me. Pray criticise it severely for the sake of your friendship." I said, "Surely I could not paint it better than you."

"Ah, that is quite a different question. But one can criticise what he cannot do himself."

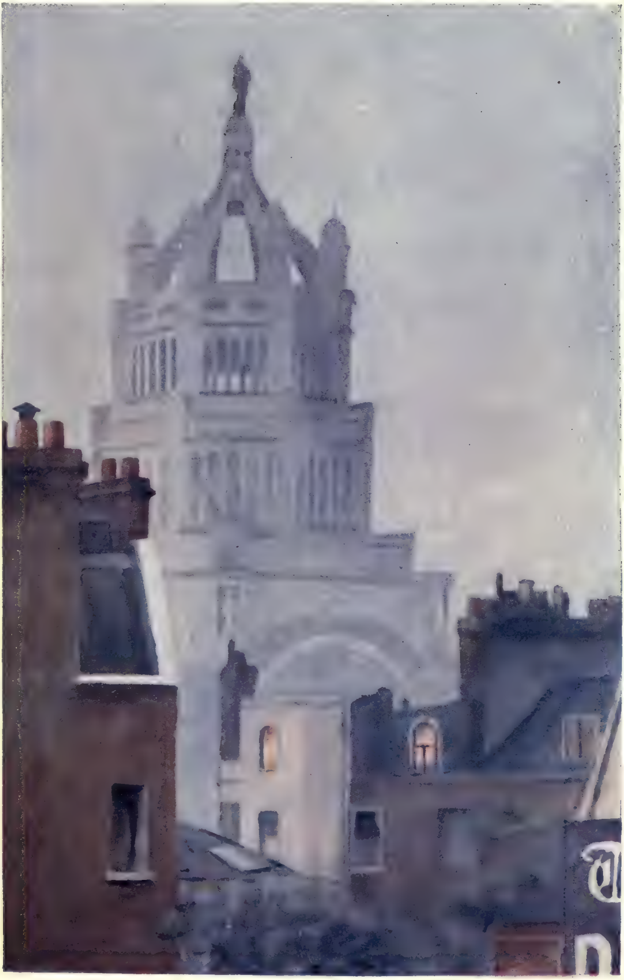
"It is just so. Let us go to the National Gallery!"

We both went there and compared his copy with the original.

"Now most frankly, please, Markino."

"Well, my dear friend, first of all, your copy seems a little too warm."

"Yes, I accept it heartily. It is my fault always to paint too hot. And then?"



SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

"And then I have one question to you. What is your intention, after all? Do you want to study how Rembrandt painted it? Or do you want to paint it as it looks now? You see, those old masterpieces have been varnished, varnished, and varnished. . . ."

Hara interrupted, "Yes, certainly; I want to study all what Rembrandt did."

"But, my dear Hara, those most harmonious and beautifully mellowed tones gained by ages are very valuable too. Why should you not put those tones in your work just as the still-life painters treat those old rusted metals?"

"That is exactly what I am thinking."

There was a professional copyist in the National Gallery. In fact I looked upon Hara as far more capable artist than that professor, but being so eager and modest, Hara decided to become his pupil. We say in Japan, "We ought not to feel ashamed to ask what we do not know to one who already knows." Under this professor's instructions, Hara started his second copy with brown and white, in which he studied all the handling of the brush of Rembrandt. Then he covered with very thin oil, almost like water-colour. The result was magnificent. Then he copied two more Rembrandts, Turner, Watts, and some others. One day I told him he has got good "miyage" (souvenir) to his home country now. "Ah, but I must not spend all my precious time in London as a specialist of copies!" He engaged a studio in the Bolton Studios. Then he began his study from models. I thought that "Old Seamstress" was one of his masterpieces. Mr. Spielmann reproduced this picture, and a copy of Rembrandt's, together with his very complimentary notes in the *Graphic* at that time.

I have already written elsewhere how he has made me to love Turner, and a few more things about him. Now let me write some other valuable benefits I received from him.

"Hara Kun, I think the portrait artist has the gift by birth, and you are one—very good one. But I don't know whether that is fortunate or unfortunate for your sake. People generally don't satisfy themselves with any portrait, because they can see the likeness and unlikeness of the portrait more accurately than the landscape. Besides, the expression of the human face changes very much. However, believe me, when I paint the views I always think they are the portraits of the Nature. I pay little attention to unresponsible compliments from my neighbours. I shall never satisfy myself until I get the real likeness of the Nature's portrait. My eagerness about the views is no less than yours about the portrait of the human face."

"Well said, Markino. It is very true. Do not be contented with the easiness to please the public with the landscape painting. As you say, it is the portrait of the Nature, and it is not easy at all. For instance, look at Fuji Mountain. She is most benevolently standing high for several thousand years. She is telling us all her history. But who has ever painted her spirit quite faithfully and successfully, except a very few old masters? Especially most students of the Western school try to measure the shape and size of the Fuji very accurately, and paint her quite photographically. The result is, the mountain looks quite lifeless—absolutely dead, dead. If Fuji Mountain could speak, she would complain about her bad portraits as much as the people do. Then it is quite true what you said, that I am receiving all sorts of complainings against my portraiture works. My opinion is that we ought not to listen to every complaining, and we ought not to reject them all. Do you understand what I mean? I give you one example. I painted a portrait of an old Japanese. He and all his relatives complained that I made his mouth too large. I studied his face most carefully, and I was quite confident that my drawing of his mouth was correct, and not too large at all. Yet, I thought, if my drawing were quite correct, it should not be complained of. There must be something wrong. Indeed I found out the chin was too small. I made it slightly larger. Next day they came to see the portrait, and said, 'Oh, you altered the mouth! Now it is perfect!' You see, Markino, it was all about the contrast. Only the people outside the artists cannot point out the very thing which is inaccurate. Suppose if I altered the mouth, the whole portrait would be entirely spoilt! Therefore, I say, listen to their complainings, but use your own tactic to improve your work!"

Being a genuine portrait painter, Hara was naturally a physiognomist; but he never followed after any of the so-called schools of physiognomy. His physiognomy was entirely his own invention by his experiences. He often took me in front of a mirror and put his hand on my head and his alternately, and said to me, "Now you see my skull is projecting, while yours has hollow. The projecting skull has the strong will, and very often is too stubborn; and the hollowed skull is gentle, and very often too weak. No wonder why you love those humble and modest philosophers like Confucius and Mencius. I am a Jen (one of the philosophical sects of the Buddhism), who solves every question in one word "Yuiga Dokson" (only I alone am precious in the whole world). I may easily make enemies, while you may easily let your neighbours take all advantages of you."

Hara always called himself "Kioktan" (one who goes into the extremity for everything)—and he often went to "the extremity." I saw him scolding the young Japanese students whenever the latter were talking nonsense. "Oh, you young fools, if you cannot have better sense, the downfall of our country shall be imminent within a few years." Some Japanese students nicknamed Hara "the Downfall of Japan." If Hara was nothing but "Kioktan" he might have been too savage, but it must be remembered that he had extremely kind and generous heart, and these two different natures of his rebelled against each other in him, and the result was very pathetic indeed.

It was just the Russo-Japanese War time when he was with me. He said to me, "What could we artists do for our country in this critical moment? We are not soldiers. The best thing for us is to study the Art very hard, and to do that, we must not sacrifice our precious time by reading the news." Notwithstanding this logic of his, one day I saw him spreading out a newspaper on his desk and struggling with an Anglo-Japanese dictionary in his hand. When I went into his room, he said, "How stupid of me not to have learnt the English enough. You see, I have spent one hour to read just a few lines!" I felt so pathetic. "Why, Hara, have you not asked me to translate it?" And I translated it all in a few minutes. It was the very first news of that famous "Peace Conference" at Portsmouth in America. "What!" Hara exclaimed —"without indemnity! Our poor country shall suffer financially very much for a long period! Surely the Government will demand the high taxation upon those poor simple and innocent folks in the country, and they shall starve to death!" It upset Hara so much that he was seriously sick in a few minutes. He was laid in bed two or three days, during which he could not touch any foods. While I was nursing him, he said to me, "Do you know what this Peace Conference means to Japan? Some classes of Japanese are more excitable than the English. Most likely there will be a civil war." Indeed on the same day we saw in the English papers that mobs had broken out in Tokio and somewhere else. Happily the next day's papers informed us that they were all subsided. Whereupon Hara said, "Yes, the Government has the military in its hands. It would be quite easy for the Government to oppress the mobs. But remember, henceforward some socialists or even anarchists will spring up in our country!

"By the way, Markino, are you a Socialist?"

"I? I hate the word 'Socialist,' because there are so many so-called Socialists who are doing most stupid and vulgar things nowadays. You know when the fish smells very fish, it is not the eatable fish. I rather go back to the old—no, I mean the fresh—beefsteak of old style. But if you open the dictionary and see the definition of the word 'Socialist,' well, perhaps I may be a Socialist after all. I think the more suitable word for me is Sociologist. However, I have Mikado-worshipping instinct which I have inherited from generations. It seems to me that is the highest etiquette. Confucius said, 'Without etiquette, the wisdom, Charity and Courage cannot be Human.' Then, moreover, I love Mikado, because all those innocent folks are worshipping him. It is their own happiness to be loyal to Mikado. How can one rob that happiness from their hearts without replacing anything else in its place? Indeed in Japan we can still keep our constitution upon the Imperialism with the beautiful ethic and humanity, which no Europeans can imagine. Only I cannot bear some of those official beasts, who are practising their most disgusting autocracy and tyranny, borrowing the Mikado's name. They are treating the innocent nation as if it were criminal, and if anything happens, they always make the Mikado as their own shield and hide themselves behind him."

"Ah, Markino, Boku mo jitsu wa sore da! (In fact, I too have the same opinion with you.) Really, truly, we need a revolution once more!"

"But, my dear Hara, there are many nice men among the officials."

"Yes, there are! But the things are like this. Suppose a viper bit your toe, would you cut off only your toe? I warn you that the poison would circulate all over your body and kill you. Therefore you should amputate from your thigh, which is quite sound and healthy."

"But who shall be the next officials, then? It is the human weakness to get proud and haughty when one becomes a diplomatist, unless he is either god or philosopher. Confucius was modest enough 'to run along the fence' instead of walking slowly and haughtily on the middle of the road. Buddha gave up his throne and palaces and lived as a hermit in the mountain. Christ washed His disciples' feet. However could any of them be suitable for a diplomatist? To-day those so-called Socialists are accusing the officials. I agree with them in a way. But if those Socialists got the wealth and high position would they keep their present idea steadily? I very much doubt! Some of them may practise more tyranny than the present officials. France had such a severe revolution, yet has she not still some official beasts now, I wonder? Only the way is, we must pardon those official beasts as long as they are keeping themselves in their own place. But as soon as they try to give harm to the sheep in the field, we shall have to reject them at once."

Hara sighed and said, "You always say dirty commercials, but some diplomatists are as dirty as commercials."

"Yes, I know. Don't you know what the Bible says? 'Men were made from dust.' No wonder why this world is so dusty!"

He laughed. Then I said, "But perhaps women are neater, because they were made from the man, and not directly from the dust."

"Markino, I warn you! You have been in England too long, and I am afraid you have become a female-worshipper!"

"If you are a woman-hater, you shall never become a great artist, because woman is indispensable friend to Art."

"Don't get so serious. I was only joking. It is quite true women are generally more acute critics, especially on the portraitures."

One day Hara was repeating a Japanese proverb—"The value of the human being is settled after he dies."

I asked, "Do you know what does that mean? Let me give you my explanation. When one is dead and sent to the hell, he shall stand quite naked before the demon judge to receive the latter's verdict. That is the real settlement of the human value."

Hara patted my shoulder and said, "Oh, I do wish there were a real hell. You know the true hell is needed for many decayed people to be awakened!"

One day he came back from the National Gallery. He was so excited. "O Markino, I saw the splendid hell. You must go there with me to-morrow."

He took me to that small room of "Students only." There we saw those wonderful studies of Rubens, called "Downfall of the Damned."

Hara said to me, "Look at the vigorous drawings! I would not be surprised if the finished-up picture were not as strong as these, and quite apart from the art, I wish the world would see this picture. Everybody would tremble before this subject, wouldn't they?"

First he was intending to copy them. Then he said he could not do it. He changed his mind several times, and gave it up after all. "Such a subject ought to come out from one's heart and not by copying."

A little later on, he asked me to go to his studio, and there he showed me his own composition called "Death." There is a deep and dark gorge between two steep precipices. A young woman in a wet white nightgown is crossing from this side to the other, which is much higher, and a glare of light, something like the north light, is in the distance. The woman is stretching her hand to try to grasp the light, and she loses her step and is falling into the dark gorge. Its value of art was priceless, certainly it was one of his masterpiece works; but the horror-stricken expression of the woman and the idea that she was sinking into darkness were too dreadful to look at. I said to Hara, "I bow down to your wonderful art. But I am not sure whether it is right or not to show such an horror for the human death. When I was a child I used to imagine Death something like that. But now I don't. An ancient Chinese philosopher king said, 'Life is our temporary tour, while Death is our own home.' And look at many illustrations of Buddha's death. He seems to be sleeping tenderly, while the survivors are lamenting. Surely Death is not horror to anybody."

Hara shook his head. "If you are not afraid of death, you need not feel dread of my picture either. But I tell you I have witnessed my friends who were dying. They always said, 'Oh, I feel I am going down. Please lift up my pillow.' I am sure my picture is justified to represent Death.'"

Hara and I often had severe discussions about the way to look upon the human life. Once I was painting the Pit Entrance of His Majesty's Theatre. He looked at it and said, "Ha, ha, Markino. You are looking upon this world just like the paradise or a fairy land. All your figures seem to me angels or fairies."

I said, "Yes, London is the beautiful garden of living flowers. I feel quite jolly in it."

Hara sighed. "Oh, you are mistaken. Every individual is suffering something in this world. For instance, at the Pit entrance some of them must be feeling very tired, and some are annoyed by being pushed by others. If I were you, I would show all sorts of uncomfortable expressions."

Our quarrel has never ended. But I can tell that much with my full confidence that Hara has carried out his own idea in his art always successfully, and I was a sincere admirer of him. One day he told me he was going to paint Kiyomori beckoning the setting sun from the bridge of Miyajima. This is the historical subject. In the latter part of the twelfth century there was a minister called Kiyomori. He grasped all the law of Japan in his own hand. He practised his tyranny to the nation as well as to Mikado. One day, standing on the bridge of Miyajima (the Japanese Venice), he beckoned the setting sun. The tradition says the sun obeyed to him. But through his haughtiness towards the sun, he died of high fever, which the people thought the punishment of the sun.

This subject was just the thing for Hara. He made a rough study. I don't know whether he finished it in Japan or not.

When Hara came to London I was not at all in the safe road of my own life. I had not a single penny in my pocket week after week. He used to treat me dinners, suppers, and very often he has given me some water-colour paints, brushes, and papers. He was very cautious not to hurt my feelings. Therefore he always made some excuse whenever he has given me some things. He said he bought "those useless materials by mistake" and asked me if I could use them. However, in the bottom of his heart, he knew too well that it was not the gifts that I wanted, and what I really wanted was the real foundation of livelihood, upon which I could stand with my own feet. Being a more stranger than myself in London he had so little influence to help me in that way. He seemed very much worried, perhaps more worried than I myself. Just to cheer me up, one day he told me his own experiences in Japan. Indeed, when one is in poverty, nothing could comfort him more than the pathetic story of another poor life.

According to his own terms, Hara was born in 1866, just the year when we had the revolutionary war. His father was a prominent Samurai of Okayama. It is the same old story which you hear everywhere in Japan, that the Samurai father was bankrupted when the feudal system was put an end to. So with Hara's father. He wanted his only son to become a rich merchant, but the boy was hopeless. Since he was five or six he liked nothing but to paint pictures. He hated all other school lessons. Every day he used to paint. The father became very much alarmed. One day he told the boy that he should not paint any more, because it might make the boy that horribly impractical and useless being called "artist." The father snatched away all the paints, brushes, and papers. The boy was very sad. He began to draw pictures on the sand with a piece of wood. The older the boy grew the more he liked to paint, and especially he had a wonderful gift to catch the likeness of the portraitures. The father sighed, and said, "Alas! My boy was born as an artist. He could never become a merchant. The best way is only to make him a really great artist." So Hara was sent to the art school in Kioto, when he was in his early teens.

"Now, my dear Markino, you can imagine how very happy I was then," Hara exclaimed with such a bright face, when he came to this point in his narrative. He attended to the Western Art department. There was no teacher who really mastered the Western art. First he studied the drawing with conte, then water-colour and oil. "All the technical parts were absolutely in darkness," so Hara told me. However, he was always No. 1 in his class. When he finished the school he had enough commission to draw the portraits with conte or Indian ink. So far as I remember, once or twice he was appointed as the drawing teacher in the Government schools, and he had a comparatively easy life. So he married when he was twenty-three. But a little later on his father died without leaving any money at all. Now he had to support his mother and one sister, as well as his wife and himself. It was frightfully difficult for him. Hara always said to me, " Markino, you are a much luckier fellow than I. I know you are suffering poverty very bitterly. But you are quite alone. When you have no money to buy foods you alone suffer the starvation, and you are keeping your high spirits. You often laugh heartily when you starve. But I had such a great responsibility to keep three more lives besides myself. It was not laughing matter whatever." There was a suggestion among his relatives that his sister should marry. But how to prepare her wedding? Hara was suddenly attacked by the typhoid fever. A doctor was called for, and he announced the condition was rather serious. But he could not buy the medicine which the doctor advised him to take. He was in bed about two weeks. It was just the time we had the Chino-Japanese war. Some speculator came to Hara's bed and said if Hara painted a "panorama" of the war, he would offer Hara some hundreds yens. But it should be done in ten days. Hara decided to take this offer. His family warned him it meant his death, and begged him not to do it. Hara said it was worth his life to make his sister marry happily. All the rest of his family were hopelessly helpless when he made up his unmovable strong will. They obeyed Hara in silence. Hara got up from his sick bed. Any Japanese house would be too small to paint a panorama. A temporary studio was made with a few timbers and bamboos, which were covered with some straw mats. The furious blizzard was whistling outside, and it was most draughty place. Even a healthy person would hesitate to work there. But Hara went there to work. So feeble were his feet that he often tied up his own feet on the ladder in order not to fall down. His mother, wife, and sister went to his work place alternately every night to offer him hot soup. The work was done by the due time, and he was paid promptly. He gave all the money to his sister as her dowry. Strange to say, he was quite recovered from his illness and he could attend to the happy wedding ceremony.

Indeed, Hara had a very strong will, but being an artist on the top of his Samurai spirit, he was as hopeless about the money matter as myself. If his customers did not pay for his work, he could not ask them the payment. This spirit of his brought a tragedy to him and his family one New Year's Eve.

Here I must explain to the English readers about the old Japanese custom. We used to (I think they are still keeping this old custom in some old country villages) pay the bills of grocers, tailors, &c. &c., only on two occasions in the year. They were before "Bon" (the great festival of the Buddhism in July) and the New Year Eve. The latter is more important. It was supposed to be the most disgraceful thing if one could not pay his bill on the New Year Eve. So often there have been quite wild scenes between the creditors and debtors on that night. But when the New Year comes, they all must keep the greatest festival quite merry, and they would not or should not utter a single disagreeable word for "San-ga-Nichi" (three days). But how painful must be the debtor's heart when he meets with the cheerful faces (if only surface) of the creditors. If one is quite ethical, he would rather meet with his death than to meet this kind of torturing. This torturing is only by the unwritten law inside of each individual's heart. For the national law itself is quite gentle against the debtors.

Now then, Hara had to pay some bills by twelve o'clock. In fact, he had painted a portrait for somebody. He was expecting the payment by the morning of the 31st; only if he were paid, that was quite sufficient to pay all his bills. Six P.M. was struck and no news came from the man. He decided to go and ask the payment. He went as far as to the gate of that man. But Hara could not get into the house. He went back to the entrance of his own house. He saw the shadows of his mother and wife cast on the Shoji (the paper window). They both were sitting near the hibachi (the fire-box) drooping their heads down, and were deadly silent. Evidently they were anxiously awaiting Hara's coming back with money. "How could I go in!" Hara said to himself. "Oh, I must get that money." He went to the gate of the man. There he could not get in again. Hara travelled between the two houses two or three times. The night was getting late. Hara went into his own house at last. His agony and the coldness of the night made him shivering. The mother said to him: "So you could not get the money. I quite understand you. Don't worry. Let our creditors insult us if they want to. I can go through any difficulty quite willingly." Then his wife said, "But I have some silk Kimonos. I might be able to fetch some money." She rushed out with all her dresses under her arm. She tried to pawn them, but nobody would lend her money on that especial eve. So she sold all her dresses for a little money, enough to pay the bill. Thus they passed one New Year Eve without any shame.

It just happened quite casually that a prominent statesman, Y. I., passed Okayama (Hara's home town) on his political tour. He noticed the cleverness of Hara's art. He brought Hara to Tokio and introduced him to the highest circle in Tokio. He began to get many commissions, and became the favourite of everybody. He was soon able to call his mother and wife from the country. But how earnest he was to the art, and how modest he was to himself! I shall quote his own words here.

"I earnestly asked Mr. Y. I. not to push me up too suddenly. For he always recommended me too highly to all his friends, and very often I had to do what I thought too great for me. I said to Mr. Y. I., 'Pray let me study a few years more before I do such a great commission.' But Mr. Y. I. insisted that I should not be so timid. If I did not do it at once, I could never do it all my life. So you see I always felt as if I was pushed into a drawing-room before I took off my hat and coat. I wish I could buy those bad pictures back or exchange with better ones some day in my life."

In spite of his friend's advice to raise up the price, he always painted the portraits for a very little money, so he could not save money for ten years. Then his business was getting steadier, and in a few years' time he saved the money enough to come out to London and study, and at the same time to keep his mother and wife at home in Japan. He was thirty-nine years old when he came here.

This is just a rough summary of his life, which I heard from him directly. When he finished his story he sighed and said to me so sympathetically, "Now, you see, through my own experiences I have formed an opinion that it takes ten years for an artist to get the real foundation of his livelihood. I know you are struggling very hard now, but be courageous. It will come soon. You say you have been in London nine years. Surely you will get on well from the next year. If you succeed, what do you want to have?"

I said, "I want a bath-room attached to

my bedroom, so that I can have my morning and evening baths twice a day without going out to the hall. Then I want to keep a nice little pussy cat."

"Oh, that is not difficult to have. Then how much money do you want?"

"£20 a month!"

Hara laughed heartily. "Nonsense! Don't lie to me!"

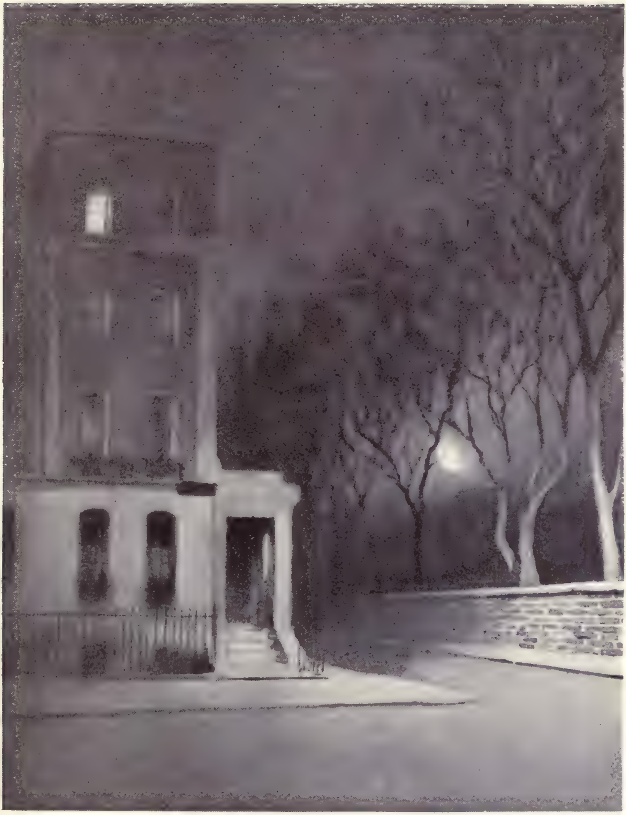
I said, "I am very serious."

He still laughed. "Oh yes, I understand; you would be happy to get £20 a month right now, because you are so poor at present. But you wait and see. Within two months you would begin to want more. I know you better than yourself. You have a hopelessly incurable illness called 'generosity.' You like to give away many things to all your friends. Believe my prophecy upon you. The more money you will get, the more you will need."

"I never thought of so far off in the future."

"Very well, then! Let us talk of the next year. Surely you shall begin to succeed, for it is your tenth year in London."

I think we had this conversation at 68 Sydney Street, in March or April of 1906, and in June of the same year I got the commission



OUR LODGINGS IN SYDNEY STREET.

to illustrate *The Colour of London.* On the morning of June 20th I settled the whole business at my publishers in St. Martin's Lane, and ran up to the National Gallery where Hara was copying Turner's "Venice." When I told this news to Hara, he threw away his brushes and palette on a chair and patted my shoulders. "Honto-ka? Honto-ka?" (Really, really?) Oh, it seems to me like a dream!"

It is not too exaggerated to say Hara was more delighted than I myself. He continued, "Oh, I cannot work any more to-day. Let us have a holiday for the congratulation." He began to pack up his paint-box. Several copying artists asked him what was the matter. He answered them with such a happy smile—"Oh, it is our Bank-holiday. Good-bye!" We hurried back to our lodgings, and there we had a Japanese dinner with two more intimate Japanese friends of ours. Hara was so proud because he had prophesied it a few months ago.

At this time I have had several London pictures already painted, which I decided to use for the book. Among them was "Spring in Onslow Square." I signed my full name in the English letters. But one of the staff at my publishers suggested me to alter my signature into the Japanese character. So I scraped the English letters and put my name in Japanese. Hara came back from his studio and saw that. He made many wrinkles on his brow and said, "Whatever on earth have you done?" I confessed the truth to him. He was angry. "Oh you *are* hopeless! Why should you sell all your dignity for the sake of your publishers? Don't you know it is most undignified manner to alter one's own signature?"

"But, my dear Hara, I am not such a great artist to be proud of my own signature, so it does not matter much. I shall do what I am told to do."

Hara beckoned me in front of the looking-glass. "Now you look at your hollowed crown. I told you several times that you are too weak to your friends. Be more steady for your own sake."

Next I began to paint Westminster Bridge I wanted to make a nice tone of the sky with a single wash. But the colour was always too uneven. I threw away the half-finished pictures six times, and I was not at all satisfied with the seventh one. I spent five weeks and half. Hara came to me and said, "I quite understand what you are intending to do. It is the dream of every artist. But even the greatest masters could perform that *very seldom.* Of course, I agree with you that there are many artists who wash the pictures dozens and dozens times and make the colours so chalky. That is very bad. But look at your picture. It was never washed. It is very easy to repair it. You yourself told me that you would overlook the haughtiness of the diplomats as long as they are useful to the country, and that you would not give up your friendship with the people who are divorced. You have quite broad mind upon the human morality. Then why should you have such a narrow mind towards your own art? Give me your brush. I will show you how to mend the tone."

He showed me how to make the colours even, and continued: "So you see, '*It is never too late to mend,*' as the English proverb says. Beside, I really think it is one of the great arts to mend."

Thanks for the most valuable advice of Hara's, even now I often mend my pictures, thinking of my dear Hara every time.

During his three years' stay in London, we used to have the discussion on Art and Sociology. But when we got bored of them, we used to discuss about the theatres. He called himself "Shibai Kichigai," or "theatrical lunatic." He would go on imitating Danjuro for a whole evening. He was a great friend of Danjuro. One night he told me an interesting story about Danjuro. Just a little before the Russo-Japanese War, some Russian dancer went to Tokio. She saw Danjuro on the stage, and at once she became a great admirer of him. She proposed to Danjuro to have a dance together on the stage. Danjuro accepted, and they both went on the stage without a single rehearsal. Danjuro danced in his own Japanese way, while the Russian dancer did in her Russian way. But they went on splendidly, and it was a great success. After the performance, Danjuro told Hara that the Russian dancer seemed to understand him thoroughly, and the Russian dancer told her friend that it was simply psychological phenomenon to go on so well with Danjuro. But later on, when Danjuro was told that that Russian was not the first-class dancer in Russia, he sighed and said, "If she was not the first-class dancer, what would it be like to dance with the real star? Only if I were a little younger, I would go to Europe and see the really great dancers." It was too sad that Danjuro died quite soon after this incident.

I took Hara to the London theatres several times. Although he could not understand the English dialogues at all, I think he could see through the innermost of acting as much as the English expert playgoers. He said to me: "I admire some of them very much. But I assure you there is no Danjuro in England. I have heard Sir Henry Irving was just like Danjuro, and I regret so much that I could not see him while he was living. In Japan, too, there is nobody who could take parts of those three dead greatest actors—Danjuro, Kikgoro, and Sadanji. However, I have confidence that some of those young Japanese actors would become as good as any English actors one day soon. Only about the musical comedy, I must say it is the speciality of the Western nations. Japan may import the musical comedy one day soon, but she can't master it, because the most essential part of the musical comedy is the figures and the voices, both of which we are far below." Hara always said, "We Japanese can do anything what the Westerners do. There is only one thing in which we are inferior to the Western nations—that is the human figure." Hara made many nude studies from some English models, and enjoyed it very much. He said: "As you say, the human figures are sacred and divine to us artists. But that is only in Europe. I object to the nude subject of the Japanese women, because the beauty of the Japanese women is absolutely that of mental virtues, such as thoughtfulness, loyalty, and graceful manner, and their undeveloped figures show nothing but vulgar feeling." Then we discussed about the definition of the word "beauty."

I said: "What is the beauty, anyhow? I am afraid the people generally mix up many other senses with the pure art. For instance, look at the London fogs. You and I both love it, but most Londoners hate it. Why? Because they mix up other senses. When they see the fogs they would say, 'Oh, I suffered influenza through that fog last year.' 'Oh that fog make me cough.' 'Oh how chilly and how uncomfortable it is!' &c. &c. If the Londoners forget all their other senses and look at the fog with their eyes only, surely everyone of them would appreciate that beautiful grey colour! So with the human beauty. Very often a most beautiful woman is hated because 'she is wicked.' On the other hand, quite plain-looking woman is much admired because she looks 'so aristocratic,' and I often hear people saying, 'She is just like Princess So-and-so, or Duchess So-and-so.' It is simply ridiculous from the point of view of artists who seek nothing but the real beauty for their art. I often hear, 'Only the nation itself can judge its own beauty.' I very much doubt it. Because a stranger can see the beauty with his pure art, which is quite divorced from all other senses and customs. How very pity that the world does not let the art be quite alone and let it be developed perfectly!"

Hara was silent for a while, then he opened his mouth. "About the London fogs, I quite agree with your logic. But about the human beauty, your logic is too theoretical and impractical. We are human beings. The human beings will naturally judge the other human beings with the human heart. That is the sweetest part of our life. And I love the woman who has a nice heart."

"So do I, my dear friend, but now I am not talking about Love. Our discussion is about the art to judge the human beauty."

"I know. And I tell you one who has a nice heart, looks to me most beautiful. Because the real beauty of the human face depends on the expression more than the shape. Art and heart are inseparable. Shall I give the nearest example to you? For instance, look at your own work. I frankly tell you that you have not mastered your art yet. There are thousands of artists who can use their brushes much better than you. Then why do all your English friends admire your work so much? Because it is through your own personality. You are very faithful to everybody and everything. This nature of yours appears quite unconsciously in every picture of yours. Indeed, some of your pictures are full of faults—but very innocent and delightful faults, which make me smile. Don't be discouraged when I tell you that. In fact, I envy you. It is much nicer than to be too sly. Here comes my logic. That is to say, your art is just like a plain-looking girl with a nice heart, and I love her. If you doubt me, ask Mr. Spielmann why he loves your pictures. He will surely give you the same answer. However, I am glad that you are talking about the art so seriously and intending to get the merit by the pure art. For it is preventing you from getting into affectation, which is more dreadful than to be cunning. For goodness' sake, don't get into affectation whatever!"

"My dear friend, are you talking to me as if a father talked to his son!" I gave him a nickname, "Kanshō Oyaji," or a "Saucy father," and he seemed quite contented with his new name.

One evening he went further on about the word "art." "What is art? What is picture? Do you say the picture is the decoration of the room? Oh, it ought to be more than that. Ah, yes, Art is the voiceless sermon to the world. The old Japan knew it a long time ago. Look at those titles given to the old masters—'Hōgan, Hō-In,' or 'Hō-kio.' They were the religious titles. Indeed, we artists must keep on the same responsibility with the priests. Have you ever met with great professional singers? They are always sacrificing their own pleasure, and they regulate their foods and drinks in order to save the good voice. So with us artists. We must sacrifice our worldly temptations and lead the highest ethic in order to paint the sacred pictures."

Hara went to Paris in the spring of 1906, and stayed there about a fortnight. When he came back he said to me: "There is no doubt that France is the country of Arts. First of all, I was much struck with those statues in every place in Paris. They are much higher art than those in London. Their whole scheme is so colossal, especially to my Japanese eyes. They know the euphony of colour so well. Look at the colours of walls, roofs, curtains, and everything. So sweet are they that I wanted to bite. The arrangement of the 'Winged Victory' in Louvre alone is worth to make me worship the French as the art connoisseurs." Hara spent the most time in Louvre, especially in the room of Corot collection, and he also was attracted to the collection of the old masters. "But," he said, "the National Gallery in London is as good as the Louvre to study the old masterpieces." He went to the Luxembourg as well, and from what he told me, I gather that he liked Carrier in Luxembourg most. About the salon he seemed to have had a very poor opinion.

"I can't bear," he exclaimed, "to see those insincere young students who waste tremendous canvases with their meaningless brushes. Evidently they are lazy in their art, and want only to arouse sensations for the public. They are not artists, but speculators. On the other hand, look at our Royal Academy in London. I must frankly say that most of the modern English paintings don't suit to my taste at all. But see how earnest and how sincere are all the English artists to their art. It is delightful. I feel much more comfortable in the Royal Academy than in the Grand Palais. Of course some modern French artists produce most exquisite pictures when they are sincere, and we Japanese have more or less the same taste with the French rather than the English. That is why I say that I am so glad I have come to England. What is the use of going to the country where they have the same taste with us? What we ought to study hard is that which we are lacking inside of our minds. For that, the John Bull is our excellent teacher. We can learn from him the valuable lessons, such as his common sense, his 'slow but sure,' and to calm down our emotional, sentimental, and quick tempers. Perhaps the best example of the typical John Bull is George Watts. If you cannot love the style of his art, there is something to learn—that is his steady persevering and immovable spirit. The intermarriage of that spirit of the John Bull and the 'chic' and delicate touch of the French or Japanese would make the art perfect."

Beside the arts, Hara gave me his first impression of Paris:

That those old women at the restaurants or pensions are so jolly and broad-minded. Hitherto he used to have a poor opinion of old women, who are generally getting hard, selfish, and narrow-minded, but he would make the Parisian women "an exception."

That he approved those poor women who are keeping themselves simple and neat—no hat, no imitation jewels, but delightful neat dresses of blue cotton.

That beefsteaks in Paris are cooked much better than the English beefsteaks.

That coffee tastes ten times more delicious.

To my surprise he never mentioned the women's fashions, and when I asked him "Aren't they chic?" He simply said "Yes," and nothing more.

But I thoroughly agreed with him when he said, "O Markino, I enjoyed Paris very much; but I always felt I was a stranger there. How homely is London to us!"

On August 6, 1907, I had to go to Paris and illustrate *The Colour of Paris.* He came down to Charing Cross Station to see me off.

"This is a very good change for you," he said, "for you will observe the different atmospheres and different colours. That will improve your art a great deal. My days in London are counted too. As you know, I shall leave London in three or four weeks' time. I would miss you very much. But we need not feel sorry for our temporary parting. I have a strong decision to come back to London within five years, or perhaps three years. . . ."

I wished I could say, "Come back as soon as possible," but I could not. For I knew what that meant to him. Hara left his old mother in Japan. Although he loved London next to himself, he would not come out as long as his mother is in this world. Therefore I said to him, " Oh, perhaps ten years, or let it be even fifteen or twenty years, we shall meet again anyhow, and I am always looking forward to it. How delighted I shall be to come to the station to meet the old and greatest artist in the world ! " He laughed. " I shall be honoured then, being welcomed by the world-known great artist by that time ! " Whoever knew it was our last farewell !

I wrote him a long letter about my first impression of Paris while he was still in London. He answered me : " Your letter made me feel as if I were in Paris. I can so vividly see you loitering in Paris. I really think you write far better than painting. Why don't you paint in the same spirit as you write ? " For this subject, Hara and I had long discussion through letters. I said when I write to him I do it quite carelessly, knowing that he is too great friend to think about the grammer or rhetoric, but when I paint, I have to think much. Hara disagreed with me. " Oh no, what you call careless of yourself is not really careless, but very natural to your own nature. Your writing has life in it. But when you begin to paint, you immediately get too nervous and too stiff." I wrote him : " You were quite right. I do get too nervous and too stiff. I know that. But remember, I am very much handicapped with the technique. Some colours don't go evenly with other colours. Sometimes I make my paper too wet, sometimes too dry. I have not enough experience to master it yet owing to my long poverty. Wait patiently until I master it, then I can paint much freer. Have you not seen the children when they begin to study dancing? While they are counting their steps 1, 2, 3, 4, they are so stiff; but when they master it their steps get on with the music quite unconsciously, then they can be called the good dancers."

"My dear Markino, I was so sorry to notice in your last letter that you are absolutely enslaved under the technique. Let me tell you, art is just like the swimming lesson. The more you get stiff, the more you will sink down. Keep your nerves quite easy, you shall always find yourself floating above the water, and then you can do all sorts of tricks."

Hara promised me to write his first impressions when he arrived to Japan. He did it after a fortnight, and said, "Alas, two weeks have passed since I came back. So busy have I been that this is the first chance to sit down and write. What struck me most was, that the station platform was much noisier with the sound of the 'getas' (wooden footgear); that all the women's faces looked so round, and their noses so low; that the houses looked so small; that the views and people looked exactly like the pictures of Japan sketched by the Western artists, and I felt I was quite stranger. I asked to myself, 'Is this really my own home?' However, this impression was banished away in five days, and now I begin to feel everything is so familiar to me; and when I think of London, I feel as if my three years' stay there was only one night's dream."

A little later on he wrote to me: "I had a walk in the country. It was the harvest time in the rice fields. The peasants were busily engaged to make 'nio' (thatches) with the rice straws. Many sparrows were gathered around them. Two or three crows were on the top of the dead trees. The waterfowls were flying on the sky in a line. Oh you, the landscape painter, would get quite mad. I, too, was much tempted to paint that view. But here comes the difficulty of the composition. As you know, we have very high mountains in the background. If I make my composition on a large scale, so that I can paint the sky, the most important rice fields will become too insignificant! Should I take the smaller bit, the background would be without the sky. Besides, you must remember the atmosphere in Japan is too clear. You can see every small detail in the distance of a mile away. The picture would become too crude. Therefore I have come to the conclusion to paint a few straw thatches and the sparrows without any background. I put them down on my canvas. I laughed at it. Why, it was exactly like those old Japanese arts! You know we have most beautiful views which you cannot see in England, but we must treat them differently. I really feel we need a special art to represent the typical Japanese view!"

The next letter says: "I am in a deep mood to invent that 'special art.' I want to make some large compositions of the views and our history. But at present I have so many commissions of the portraits. Sometimes I feel I should refuse all those commissions and go straight on with my real ambitions of the historical pictures. But, on the other hand, I need some money for the expense of coming out to England, therefore I have accepted them. Besides, the portraiture is my speciality, and I can enjoy myself with it.

Only a few months after he arrived in Japan, I had a sad news from him. He had the trouble of appendicitis. The doctor would not operate him, as his health did not admit it. I think he spent nearly two years in Kioto, Nara, and at several seaside places. Hara was always lamenting his delicate health. "But," he wrote me once, "don't worry about me. I have a strong will and such a confidence that I shall conquer my ill-health and succeed with my art." It gave a great pain to my heart. What else could be more pathetic than to see a clean-hearted man struggling to live only for the sake of art and giving up all other worldly pleasures—and specially when he was such a genius?

Hara was a real artist. He was most earnest to the art, and hated the vain fame. He absolutely refused to interview the newspaper reporters who wanted to write about him. He never exhibited his pictures to any public exhibition, therefore his name was not comparatively well known in Japan. Almost in every letter he always complained that the art students (of the Western art) were getting lukewarm. "If I criticise their art quite sincerely they get very angry. It is hopeless to make friendship with them. I shall never, never see them again."

It seemed Hara had very good chances to see and study the old Japanese masterpieces while he was not well in Kioto, Nara, as well as in Tokio. He wrote:

"As my doctor forbids me to paint, I am seeing a great deal of the old masterpieces every day. Of course I have already seen them before I went to Europe, but now they look so different. I am afraid most Europeans are mistaken about the Japanese art. I do wish you were with me. We ought to write a book of the Japanese art, especially for the Westerners. Can't you come back at once, then in a few years' time we both shall go back to England together?"

As I had already signed the contract with my publisher for *The Colour of Rome* I could not accept his proposal. I wrote him that I might go back in 1910, and again I failed to keep this promise for some reason. If I only knew Hara should die so soon I would have gone to Japan, even if I had to pay the damage for breaking the contract of my publishers. Perhaps it is one of the greatest repentances in my whole life.

In August, 1909, I got a letter from my brother. He said his little son finished the middle school, and he wanted to send him to the shipbuilding college in Tokio or Osaka, but he had some financial difficulty. I wrote to Hara at once saying that I wanted to assist my nephew. At that time the average of my income was only between £12 and £15 a month, but if I economised myself I might be able to send my nephew a few pounds every month. Would Hara let me know the expenses of the ordinary college boys in Tokio?

Strange to say this letter was crossed with Hara's letter to me, in which he said: "As I am always talking about you to my intimate friends, they want to buy some of your works. Will you send me a few sketches?"

A few days later I received his second letter. "O Markino, what a splendid chance it is to sell your pictures and put the money in the fund for your nephew's study! All my friends are very wealthy and chivalrous. If I mention to them this noble deed of yours, they will surely offer any amount of money, but I know you are too proud to accept such offers. It may disgrace your name as well as your brother's, therefore I shall charge them the prices which your works really deserve. I think the fair price of your pictures are £10 to £20, according to the work. Leave it entirely to me, I shall do my best. The usual expenses of the college boy in Tokio or Osaka won't be more than £2 a month. So that will keep up your nephew as long as his school term lasts. Do send your five sketches at once; for our proverb says, 'Jen wa isoge' (Hurry up to do anything good)."

I sent them at once. Hara so impatiently wrote me three or four times to know if I have already sent the pictures to him. Two months later his enthusiastic letter came to me. "The pictures arrived quite safe. I have sold them at once. I shall keep all the money in my bank and send so much a month to your nephew. O Markino, to-day I feel I am the happiest man in Japan just to think that I was useful for your good deed."

Evidently Hara summoned my brother to Tokio. It was just the time when Lord Kitchener entered to our metropolis as the national guest. I received a long, graphic letter from my brother: "Your friend, Mr. Hara, wrote to me and said I should witness Lord Kitchener's entrance to Tokio. Knowing not what else might happen [it was just like Hara not to let my brother know all the news], I took the express train from Nagoya on the same evening and arrived at Tokio early next morning. Our metropolis was very gay with all sorts of decorations . . . seeing together this unprecedented event in our history, Mr. Hara broke all the news to me. I felt as if it were a dream in dreams. . . . Mr. Hara repeated again and again, 'Oh this is the real beauty of the humanity which your brother has!' . . . I must congratulate you to have such a splendid friend like Mr. Hara. If you allow me to criticise your friend Mr. Hara, I must say he is just like the glorious flower called the English civilisation blossomed on the benevolent tree called the old Japanese Bushido."

My brother's criticism was quite right.

On the next mail, Hara wrote me paying much compliment to my brother and his son. "Being born in the quiet country, he is a delightfully innocent boy. I heartily love him just like my own son. Be easy and don't worry about your nephew. I shall take a great care of him. After a great consideration with your brother and Goto (my cousin) we have decided to send your nephew to a college in Osaka."

Ever since, until his death, Hara has never forgotten to inform me about my nephew in every letter, and each time with such affectionate terms.

When I wrote him that I was unable to go to Japan in 1910, he wrote me back: "What will be about our combined work upon the Japanese art, then?" I answered him that if he was in hurry, why should he not write the whole book himself? If he wrote in

Japanese I would translate it into English with the help of my English collaborator, whereupon he answered me: "Don't you see there are some difficulties for me. You often write terribly shrewd things about people without injuring their feelings—that is your gift, which I so unluckily have not. Suppose I were to write a book, I have to give full discussion, and I want it as fundamental as possible; but I am only an artist and not a critic. Therefore everything comes too much of a bother for me. Of course, I have my self-confidence that even my own observation alone is worth more than the misconceptions which are common among those amateurs. But what would be the result if I publish my book in Japan? There would not be much interest either to the public or to myself. On the other hand, some people might think I have attacked their person—that would be a great trouble to myself. Therefore I have decided to keep silence on purpose.

"The Anglo-Japanese exhibition will be open there quite soon, and among the old Japanese arts there will be many valuable ones. Please pay much attention to observe them. Let me know your impression. What do the English critics say about them? Would they thoroughly understand our old arts, I wonder? By the way, two art critics have come from Germany. They are spending money like water for anything about arts. I believe they will understand our art within two years."

Later on he wrote me: "You know the two German art critics I told you of before. Well, they are wonderful. They speak Japanese frequently, and it seems they understand the very innerside of the Japanese art. I say, why does England not send such students to Japan yet? Our alliance ought not to be limited to the political matter only. It ought to be carried out to the arts too. You must have some acquaintances among the English people in that way—either officially or privately. Why won't you persuade them to send some scholars to Japan? or else Germany will be far ahead of England. Don't you think it is pity?"

In fact, I talked about this matter to a few English officials and critics. They seemed quite indifferent. My answer to Hara was this. "You seem to love our Western ally very much. So do I. But remember, Art is different from the Diplomacy. If we see one country is building unproportionately larger warships than the other countries, we might be alarmed; but art is universal. It is too sacred to think about the races or sexes. Let the Germans or negroes understand our art first. We must welcome them heartily, for they will do lots of good and no damage to anyone whatever."

How strange it was that while Hara and I were discussing about this matter by letters, Mr. Arthur Morrison has been busily engaged to publish his exquisite books called *The Painters of Japan*. We had never dreamed about these books, until they were published in 1911. I informed Hara all about Mr. Morrison, and Hara was heartily delighted.

During my trip in Italy, 1910, I wrote to him from every place I went. Sometimes a long letter with all my impressions, and sometimes just a picture card of views or the old Italian masterpieces. Each time he expressed his desire to be with me. But when I wrote him about the ceilings by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, he seemed to have lost his head with enviousness. "O Markino, how could you go to such a place without me!" When I sent him *A Little Pilgrimage in Italy*, he wrote me: "You have been in the misty atmosphere of London a long time. I can see how hard you have struggled for the clear atmosphere of Italy. Be courageous, they are better than *The*

Colour of Rome. It was a very good dress rehearsal for you before doing a book of Japan. If you come back to Japan I hope I can be useful to you."

Hara underwent the operation at last in 1911, and it seemed he was recovering very slowly. On the New Year's day, 1912, he wrote me: "Please forgive me for not answering your several letters during last winter, but I have been in my ill bed all the time. Don't worry about me, as I have a *strong will.* You say you have been unwell so often—what is the matter with you? Pray don't force yourself by compulsion. *There is nothing so discouraging in our life than to have poor health.* I feel I am getting much better now. But at the same time, I am receiving invitations from everywhere, and you know what those invitations mean. They have no concern to my most important art whatever. I begin to be wary in dealing with them. I have closed my door. I am simply studying hard. Ah, Japan is still not yet, not yet, not yet to reach to my ideal. People are generally shallow and have very thin surface; they are not yet diligent enough. There are few whom I can talk seriously to. When I think of that, I really envy your present situation. Pray take the utmost care of your own health, that is the urgent matter to reach to your goal. A few days ago I have taken a photo with our mutual friend Hidaka Kun; you will see I am still so thin. Write me often, either in Japanese or English, whichever is convenient to you, so that it won't give too much trouble to your brain. I am always thinking to send you some books which may interest you, but I haven't found out any. Let me know if you want some special books."

During the spring of 1912 I received some happier news from him. "O Markino, be glad! I am well now. I have started my serious work. At first I was afraid my art might have gone down, as I have not practised my brush for a long time, but it is all right. I can work much better than I thought. Now the time has really come for me to do something great. . . ."

One letter said: "I am studying the art in every possible way. I feel I am improving it day by day. Believe me, it is much better since those days when I was with you in London. In Japan there are many critics who can understand the Japanese art thoroughly, but about the oil-paintings they are hopeless. Sometimes I reproach myself—why should I study so hard, for nobody can see it? Then

I come back to my own conscience and I laugh at my silly ideas (though temporarily). Why, my art is not to show to the others and to buy their compliments. My one ambition, my only one ambition, is to approach to the Nature." Another letter said: "Yes, I *am* coming back to London soon. But before I come back I shall send you my best work. Will you look after it and see what the English public will think of it?"

He was absolutely silent for two long months, and his next letter to me was written on the 8th of August 1912. I was very much surprised with its solemn and somewhat panic-stricken tone. Even his handwriting was unusually formal, and in a way more like a schoolboy's writing. It was so different from his ordinary letter with much humour, shrewdness, and fluency. He started thus: "Mourning with woe the late Emperor's divine departure from this world, and celebrating the accession of the present Emperor with the deepest humility."

Certainly Hara must have doubled his grievances upon the death of the late Mikado, for he was in Tokio. He was witnessing that pathetic prayer of the nations in front of the Imperial Palace during the Emperor's illness, and then again, living among the most sorrowful multitude, he must have been affected very much. However, I felt there might be some other reason beside that. An ancient Chinese philosopher said, "When the birds are dying, their voices are sad. When the humans are approaching to their death, their words are solemn." In fact, when I saw this letter I told a few English friends that I had a fear for Hara's life. They laughed at me. The same letter continued thus: "This world does not seem to be changing, but the fact is *it is* changing a great deal. Since I left London, his Majesty King Edward honourably passed away, and now again we have this woe. My heart is full of affliction.

"The daily, nay, hourly change of the world is urging us to hurry our success. With our short life, we are trying to investigate the deepest art. Our investigation alone often leads us away from the authentic perception and makes us unconsciously throw away the very opportunity. Then with what resolution shall we have to pass our life?

"When the art is too skilful it becomes very unnatural and hideous. When it is artfully artless it will be still more dirty. Let us forget the word 'skilfulness' or 'dexterity.' Let our minds be as broad as possible, and let us unconsciously unite with the beauty of the nature, then we can execute the real art.

We must be only sincere, without mercenariness and selfishness. And don't let us be led astray by the worldly ambition. There is no other way than to endeavour intently to approach ourselves to the nature." Then he gave me the financial information about my nephew. "So you see I have still about £30. I want to put more money for the fund. Will you send two more pictures?"

I answered him saying that I had exactly same opinion for the art—not only art, but for every human work. "I don't know why, but I had such a queer feeling when I read your letter. You say, 'Let us forget the word skilfulness.' I will tell you another thing—Let us forget our nerves. One often kills himself by his own nerves. Yes, this world is changing every day, but pray take everything quite easily in your mind. I too have been continuously ill lately, but I have the optimistic view. If any change is coming to us next, that will be our good health.

"About my pictures, I know you want to be proud of them before your friends. Alas, I have none for that purpose. If you want the fund for my nephew urgently, I shall send you money, or else wait; I shall paint some pictures and try my best, especially for your purpose."

No answer came!

The next news of Hara was from my nephew. It was dated October 30, 1912.

"O uncle, can you imagine what an unlucky boy I am? I have almost no courage to take the pen to write you this saddest news. Our most esteemed friend Mr. Hara, to whom I owe such a great gratitude, has departed from this world on October 27th. . . . I think it was October 24th when I learned that he was ill. You know that wonderfully energetic Mr. Hara used to write me himself even when he had the operation last year. But this time Mrs. Hara sent me my monthly allowance, with a brief note that her husband was ill. I felt it was so very unusual, I inquired her after his health at once. She replied me 'rather serious.' I prepared myself at once and took the 8.30 P.M. train on 28th, and arrived Shimbashi station at 10.30 A.M. on 29th. On the way to Mr. Hara's house, I called on Mr. Goto. His wife was in alone and said to me, 'So you have come to join to the funeral of Mr. Hara to-day? My husband has gone there a few minutes ago!' I meant to meet Mr. Hara while his soul and flesh were together, but I was already too late. I hurried to Takanawa (where Hara's house is). . . .

"Mrs. Hara beckoned me into a private

room and said to me, 'It was my husband's special desire not to let you know of his illness until you passed the annual examination at your college, for it might have upset your study. About your money, I have handed the banker's account to Mr. Goto, so don't worry!'

"Oh, about my money! I myself never thought of it until then. Even in such a saddest moment Mrs. Hara was so thoughtful and steadfast as usual. Who can help but to pay the utmost sympathy and respect to her! She took me in front of the coffin, and she opened the lid. . . . He was smiling very gently. His beautiful white teeth reminded me of our dear friend, otherwise he was almost unrecognisable; he was so very thin. The inside of the coffin was covered with his unused canvases, and he was holding all his brushes and palette in both hands. The space was covered with numberless white roses. Was that Mr. Hara's will or Mrs. Hara's idea, I don't know. Anyhow, it was most impressive for the death of the great artist. . . . I shall write more detail in the next mail."

This letter of my nephew reached to me by the last post on the eve of November 17, 1912. I read it through. Strange to say, I did not feel any pain or sorrow in my heart. I questioned myself: "Have I become such a hard-hearted man that I could not shed tears on the news of the death of my best friend? If so, I am much surprised of myself." However, I decided not to act hypocrisy. I wanted to write to Mrs. Hara anyhow. I stood up and tried to go to my desk. Lo! I had lost all feelings in my feet. I walked just like a cripple! I took my pen, but I could not feel the pen in my hand. Evidently my physical shock attacked me at once—a long time before the mental one.

As the dried sponge absorbs the water slowly and slowly, so my heart began to be filled with sorrow, gradually, in the rate as my recollections of Hara were invading into my brain. I shall not describe my sorrow, for everyone of you know well what does the loss of your best friend mean to you. But quite apart from that friendly sorrow, I was very much attacked with another kind of depression. For Hara was one of the most promising artists. Of course he was great already, but he would become greater if he lived longer. I had full confidence in him that one day he would become the greatest artist not only in Japan, but in the world.

Although I am not superstitious at all, I had a faith that such a splendid man must live long enough to reach to his own ambition, and especially at this very generation the world needs one like Hara. All my hope and anticipation of joy were washed away right from the bottom. Also I was very regretful not to have heard the last words from Hara himself. But this was soon fulfilled by our mutual friend Wakamiya. I got a letter from him a few days later.

". . . About the loss of our most esteemed friend Hara, I am sure you have already heard. The enclosed is his letter to you. You see he has closed the envelope and finished your address, as well as 'Via Siberia.' I found it on the desk in his studio, and his pen was lying diagonally across it and the inkstand. It must be his very last writing. Whether to post it to you or not must have been decided in his mind; but as this letter looks quite ready to be posted, I have no doubt that he meant to post it to you. Therefore I send it to you with my own decision, &c."

Oh that familiar writing of my name, address, and "Via Siberia" with his own hand! There were no stamps nor the post-mark. But I tried to ignore the sad news as if it were only my nightmare, and I pretended myself to feel it was from Hara who was still alive. After getting some comfort by my own pretending, I opened the envelope. His writing was much freer and more humorous than the last one. It ran thus:

"My dear Markino, how is your health since then? You know you are very naughty to be careless of yourself. Be more sensible, get well soon and succeed.

"By the way, Markino, at last—at last I have received the death-sentence from my doctors. In fact, I felt some lump was growing in my stomach since the first part of the last month. Now it is definitely proved to be the *cancer*. I might be saved if I had an operation at the beginning, but it is too late, for more than an half of my stomach should be cut off. What is the use to prolong my life any longer in the state of half-living and half-dying? So I have given up all those medical treatments. I want to pass my short future handily and cleanly by working to death. Some doctors say I may live another year. Anyhow, everything is getting very urgent for me.

"Nobody can escape the death in this world. Only someone knows when it will come while some don't. If I know it, why should I be disheartened? Perhaps I am luckier to die while I am having the great hope of the long future than to live to get too old and being bored by the neighbours. Thus I am philosophising myself!

"By the way, I know you would come to visit Japan sooner or later. Why not while I am alive? I believe I can lend my assistances for your investigations in every way. I am asking you this question in hope I may be able to meet you once more in my life; for sometimes even the great medical professors make mistakes upon the consultation of the cancer. But it is only my vain imagination, and I think there is not such a mistake in my case. Really I feel I am standing on the boundary line of my life. Adieu for ever!"

Even at such a time, Hara never forgot about my nephew. He added "P.S." "Then what I want to tell you is about the money for your nephew. As my death is approaching nearer and nearer every day, I become more and more busy. So I am thinking to ask your cousin Goto to look after it. Will you agree to that?"

At my earnest request Mrs. Hara has written to me a long and graphic letter which shows not only Hara's real spirit as an artist, but her most beautiful devotion to her husband as well. Fortunately I have had her permission to translate her whole letter here.

"About the recent misfortune to my husband, I most sincerely appreciate your deepest sympathy and condolence. My old mother-in-law and I both have read your kind letter in tears. It touched our hearts more than I could tell you.

"As my husband has received your friendly affection so deeply, he could never have forgotten you a moment, and as he has been repeating your name day and night, I feel you are so familiar to me, though I have never had the honour to see you yet, and your letter made me to recollect my husband more than ever. By your request I venture to describe about his death for you.

"As you know, ever since my husband came back from London, he has been always unwell, and after that operation, he has never really recovered. He seemed to have realised some illness to lie hidden always, and he has been passing rather depressed life. And as you know also, he was so very fond of both you and London, he always said to me, 'I must get well as soon as possible so that I can go to London and talk with Markino, the only friend who really understands me!' Having this ambition, he was naturally lamenting about his weak health. Now and then he often pretended himself as if he were quite well, and was much encouraged by his own pretending, but how long could it continue? Again he began to feel something inside and was depressed terribly. Now I can see there was some hidden cause which has taken away his life lately. I think it was the middle of the last August that my husband himself suggested he must have got the cancer, before the doctor's consultation. And when the doctors agreed with that he said, 'If it is really the cancer, I have my own resolution for the rest of my life.' He never listened to the advices of the doctor or of friends. His 'resolution' meant to hold the brush in the studio until the death came. He was simply making the preparation after his death—that is to say, to leave his best works behind. I knew that. But even I, his own wife, had no power to stop him. You know his nature quite well. I have been passing every day like a dream. Then it was the morning of October 3rd he went to the studio as usual, and he was doing something on his desk." (I wonder he might be writing that last letter to me.) "Suddenly he felt frightfully ill. He was carried home. He was terribly bleeding from his mouth, and seemed to be suffering a great pain. But so energetic was he that he warned me there was nothing to worry about. From the next day, he was getting worse and worse, and the doctor reminded me secretly that there was no hope of his recovery. While the death was approaching to him every hour, his nerves were getting very stimulated. The weaker his physical health became the more energetic became his mind. He began to lecture us the beauty of nature and the revelation of the Universe, with the extraordinary eloquence. Surely that made him still weaker, and it was most pitiful sight to my eyes.

"As my husband was getting weaker and weaker, he began to pray:

"'O Heaven, if thou hast any sympathy to my art, pray lend me two years' life—or even eighteen months! If I become well enough to take my brush, I would leave the town at once and go to some country place where I could see the Fuji Mountain, and I would try to paint that wonderful phenomenon of the mountain, which is changing every morning and evening.'

"Then on the next moment he began to lament his weak health, and made us, all the bystanders, weep. Sometimes he would say, 'What does the Heaven want to show me by tormenting me with this illness? No matter how painful is the part of my body, my mental strength is strong enough. The ill bed is the best place to culture the mind.'

"For about a week he had no food, and he became utterly deaf; then he did not want to talk to anybody. Only he was murmuring with feeble voice: 'I want to paint, I want to paint.' He always used to imitate painting with his right hand, which later on had become quite stiff. In his wide-open eyes there was no more ambition, just like a baby born to this world a minute ago. To me his countenance was as a god, and he passed away so peacefully, just like falling to sleep.

"About his prayers toward the Heaven that he wanted his life a year or two longer, and about his earnest desire to leave his best works behind, there is no one but you who can really understand and heartily sympathise with. I am here enclosing a few photos of my husband's latest works by your special request."

Besides those photos of Hara's work, one photo of Hara himself was enclosed. Evidently it was taken a few days before he died. In spite of that terrible agony of pain, he dressed up himself and sat for the photographer, "to leave the farewell photo to all his friends." He meant to sign all the photos, but they were printed too late (after his death).

My nephew again has written to me dozens of pages about his impressions on Hara's life. I want to quote a few phrases from his letter, just to show Hara's generosity.

". . . I hear he has been looking after three or four more college boys beside me. One of them had no money at all, and Mr. Hara himself was paying the whole expenses of this boy, without letting even his own family know. One day Mr. Hara's mother asked him if it was true. He said, 'Mother, why do you worry about that? If I persevere just a little inconvenience by economising my own pocket, that boy will graduate the college and in a short time seven members of his family shall be saved from starvation. . . .'"

To criticise Hara's whole life I must borrow the words of Shibasen, the great Chinese historian some two thousand years ago: "When the winter comes, those pines and firs show themselves evergreen. When the whole world gets muddy and impure, the incorruptible fellow with the white soul distinguishes himself. The real man is never frightened of death, but is always afraid that his aim might not be carried out."

This world is the battlefield for every being which has the mortal life. The humans, animals, even the trees and grasses, are struggling against the destruction and decomposition which are incessantly taking place as the universal law. My friend Hara has made a good specimen of this struggle. He was a splendid soldier in this battlefield.

Let us, all the survivors, continue what he has left unfinished, and what we cannot do in our life, we expect the next generation to continue. Thus we the mortal beings can immortalise our arts, sciences, and every branch of the human knowledge. That is our real triumph in this world.

Gi-cho, the ancient Chinese poet-warrior, said:

" When one is really inspired, he cares little for his own individual merit and fame."

CHAPTER III

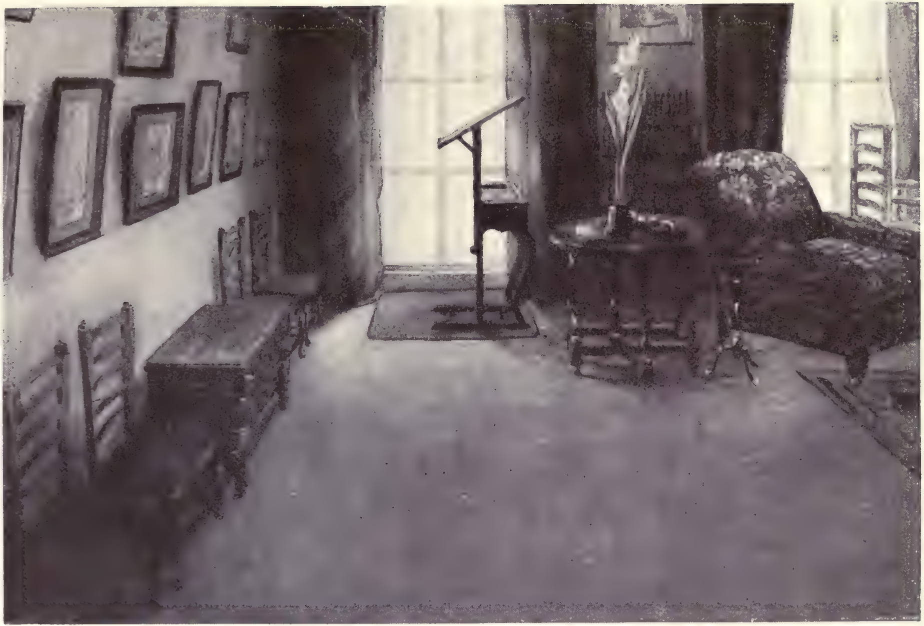
MY NEW STUDIO

THAT sorrowful news of Hara's death drove my mind into such a hopeless state—so depressed and so disheartened. Of course I was conscious enough that such a hand-to-mouth man like myself must not waste time without working. If I had wasted it, I would feel as if I had committed a great crime.

Sometimes I took my pen to write something, and sometimes I took my brush to paint. I could succeed nothing. Thus I have passed three or four days; then suddenly some bright idea came to my mind.

It had been my intention to get a studio for some long while, but I have never had time to search it. (I knew it was rather a hard job.) "Now," I said to myself, "it is a splendid chance to hunt a studio, and doing so I shall lessen my sorrow which is weighing upon my heart so much."

From the very next morning I started my task. I went to several house-agents to get



MY NEW STUDIO.

the addresses, and walked to try every address. I could not help without thinking of my San Francisco life some sixteen or seventeen years ago. There I used to get the employer's addresses at the Employment Offices and walk about the street to get a job. However, there was one difference. There I wanted to be a servant, and here I wanted to be a tenant. And this difference made me feel rather proud, especially when I thought that I have conquered all the difficulties without asking any charitable help, even a penny, during my long, hard life. But my newly wounded heart was not quite cured, and I could not help crying out, "O Hara, my dear Hara, I want to tell you many things! Where are you now?"

I recollected that pathetic poet Ki-no-Tsurayuki (ninth century). He was sent to a far-distant country called "Tosa," as a governor of that district. He began to get homesick for Kyoto the capital. Just when he was summoned to the capital, he lost his only child, whom he wanted to take home with him. In his diary he wrote these two poetries:

"Miyako eto omoumo
Monono Kanashiki wa
Kaeranu Hito no areba
Nari Keri."

The translation:

"Though this is the homeward journey at last,
I feel quite sad.
For there is one who does not come back to us."

"Naki Hito wo nao aru-Monoto
Omoi tsutsu
Idzu ra to to-zo
Aware nari keru."

The translation:

"How very pathetic is my heart to ask now and then,
Where is he?
Thinking of one who is gone for ever,
As if he were still in this world!"

Indeed, it was quite difficult for me to think that Hara will never see my studio when I have got one. I think I inspected more than twenty studios in a few days, but none of them suited me. First of all, the accommodation was simply awful. It was true that several of them were almost too good for me. But lo! the bedrooms! They had such a bad ventilation, and they were too small to hold any wardrobe or even the washstands. I said to my friends: "I suppose the English landlords are not counting the artists as the human beings; for surely no human could ever live in them!"

One of my friends laughed at me and said, "Certainly the English landlords are thinking of the artists as very respectable gentlemen. Don't you know the real gentlemen ought to have quite comfortable houses, and they never intend to live in the studios? What you thought the bedrooms must be the model's dressing-rooms, or the places where the artists put all unsold pictures. So you were hopelessly mistaken to intend to dwell in a studio!"

I scratched my head in despair. She continued, "No, no, you need not be disappointed at all. Go and try again. There ought to be one quite suitable for your purpose."

I went out next day. I found out two studios. One was £120 a year, and the other was £28. I thought the former was a little too expensive, and the latter too shabby. I said to my friends should I take the former, and try to sell my pictures more like a business man? Or should I take the latter and sacrifice my own comfort? One friend wrote me, "Don't decide until I come back" (she was in the country then). The other said, "Certainly not. Take neither of them. I know you cannot be 'like a business man,' and at the same time you must not sacrifice your comfort. Go and try again."

The next day I went to a house-agent in King's Road. The man and his wife both were jolly good-natured. They said, "There is our own house just near here. We can let the whole ground floor." The man showed me the rooms, but I found out they were not quite suitable for a bachelor, and besides it was an ordinary flat and not studio.

They gave me another address (39 Redcliffe Road), and said to me, "But try to come to our house if possible. You know we like to have a nice tenant. We shall do anything convenient to you!" I came to No. 39. The size of the rooms and the light and everything were exactly what I wanted. Should I take these rooms at once? Then I recollected their words, "But try to come to our house if possible." I hurried to that house-agent's and told them that I did not know what to do. They said, "Of course we would not interfere with you. You are quite free. But you know how anxious we are to have you." I promised them to give the definite answer the next morning. I went to my room. I could not sleep well all night. While in bed the more I thought of the house-agent and his wife, the nicer they seemed to me. After the breakfast I called on No. 39 first. This time I saw the housekeeper. By one glance I bestowed much confidence upon her. I have been mixed with this class of the English women in Greenwich, Kensal Rise, and elsewhere. So I could see the inside of their hearts much quicker, and I knew the housekeeper was a real lady in her heart, whom you can scarcely meet in the other classes. My mind was much formed to take these rooms in No. 39; but what about my dear house-agent, then? My heart has given me some excuse. It whispered to me, "Don't you see, that house-agent and his wife are not living in that house after all. It is better to take the best rooms with a nice housekeeper." I called on the house-agent, but there I had a great difficulty to tell them my decision. The wife said, "So you won't come to our house?" I said, "Don't ask me any more questions, it is too painful to listen." I promised them to go back to them if I wanted more rooms in future, but at the meantime I had to take No. 39. The man gave me a form, which I had to sign. I felt as if I had sinned when I signed it in front of these new dear friends, and I ran out at once; for I had fear that I might change my mind if I stayed there longer. Then I called on some of my intimate friends. One of them said to me: "Failure again to-day?"

"Oh no, I have found out the rooms just as I wanted."

"Then why do you look so unhappy?"

All my friends agreed with me that I am

always lucky about the people being so friendly wherever I go.

It was November 27, 1912, when I engaged these rooms. The men immediately started to paint the walls, ceilings, &c., and the electric and gas companies to fit the lights and stove. They all promised to have everything done by December 9th.

Now I began to be awfully busy. First of all, I had to choose the colour for the walls; then to order the felts, carpet, and all other furniture to harmonise the colours to each other. It was exactly like composing and painting a picture. Perhaps I had spent more brain for that than for my ordinary pictures. About choosing the colours and materials, I must say I was much indebted to my friend Mr. Leonard Wyburd of Wigmore Street.

The 9th of December came; all of them were most deliciously punctual, so that the water grew in my mouth by my contentment. Just when the carpet-layer drove the last nail on the felt, "Maples'" van came to the door with all my bedroom suite. I had already received many presents with these notes: "A little contribution to your new studio." I valued them more than my own flesh. So I put them all on the two bedroom chairs, and

I myself sat on my hat box. Among many "contributions" from some kind friends, there were each a bottle of brandy and whisky and some oatmeal biscuits. I enjoyed them very much, and called "Banzai" for myself. I went to the bed after 12 o'clock. It was my very first own bed ever since I left my home some twenty years ago. When I thought of that I felt too comfortable all together so that I could not sleep.

At the same moment when I was removing to this new studio, one of my friends persuaded me to have three days' "At Home." She talked about this to my publishers, Chatto and Windus. They consented to let me use their upstairs rooms. That made me doubly busy to hang all my pictures and send many invitation cards. By the way, I licked 300 envelopes and 300 postal stamps in a day and it made me quite ill. Then one friend gave me an amusing thing made with brass and something like the oil lamp wick, so that I need not lick the envelope and stamps any more. The preparation for the "At Home" took me just a week. It was quite successful one.

Every day when I was coming back, I used to imagine all sorts of things on the way home—Perhaps the settee might have arrived to-day; perhaps the chairs and tables to-day,

&c. &c. And just before I opened my room door, my heart used to beat high. If something was arrived, I was awfully excited, and if not, I was so discouraged.

After my "At Home" was over, I used to sit down and count the lists of the things I ordered; and each time when one thing was newly arrived, I always looked at it a long while and loved it, and at the same time I tried to imagine how the next things would look like when they came.

It was just before the Christmas, so everything was much delayed. I was rather afraid to get mania of the furnitures, so I went away to the country for the New Year Holiday. I came back after ten days and everything was quite ready at last.

Just when I engaged this studio, some of my friends said to me: "Your studio is not very large. It is 15 feet square, and your bedroom is only 15 by 10. You ought to furnish them for £60 in all. But being as impracticable as you are, it might easily come to more. However, we warn you not to exceed £100. I answered them easily, and with much confidence: "Oh no, never more than £100."

Now I began to calculate the expenses. Lo! Those massy lumps of the bills alone were summed to £263. Then there were many small bills like £3, £5, £9, &c. &c.

"You don't mean you have spent £300 in all?" they asked.

"I am afraid I have," was my answer. One of them exclaimed: "Oh, you are the limit! If I knew that I would have gone with you to buy things."

I suppose it might be a failure from the financial point of view, for it surpassed the estimates, but otherwise it was the greatest success, as my joy surpassed my estimate far more too.

I am afraid there are very few indeed who could really imagine my overwhelming joy for my own rooms, unless one has had the same experience with me, that is to say, to have been out of his own home for over twenty-five years in the hardest poverty.

The Taiheiki (the old Japanese book) describing the banishment of the patriot Toshimoto, states: "Even on such most luxurious picnics to the cherry-blossomed hill in Yoshino or to the autumn-leafed mountain of Arashi Yama, to pass a night in the strange bed of a hotel would make us miss our own sweet home. . ."

One day lately I visited on one of my John Bulless friends. She was just back from her journey. She stretched her both arms upward and forward and exclaimed: "Oh my home, my own home!" It is the real human nature to love home. I always say: "Journey is for the pleasure, while home is for the comfort." And home is only the place where one can really rest.

There are certain people in this world who are stricken by the travelling mania. They are passing all their lives in the hotels. I feel sorry for them, because they are evidently losing the sweetest part of their human nature. Or perhaps they have not got any sweet nature at all, that is why they can live in the hotels! Let that be in either way, but it is true those people have less sympathy than the other home-loving folks.

I myself felt awfully contented to be installed into my home at last. Although I so dearly loved all my furnitures, they looked rather unfamiliar to me for some while, and I used to sit down on a chair and turn my head round and round and pass my eyes over each thing again and again, just like the owl. Sometimes I polished the Jacobean cover or old gate leg tables with the beeswax. In fact, I was honeymooning with them for a week or more. Thus I have spent nearly two months without doing any work. The next thing was to hang my pictures all round the walls. About that, I worried a great deal. This was the very first time to furnish my rooms with my own pictures. (While I was staying in the lodging-houses I have never hanged my own pictures in the rooms.) Surely I can see all those faults (quite numerous, indeed) in my pictures more than any person. Fancy now, I had to dwell in the rooms together with those poor pictures of my own! I thought it must be simply awful and unbearable. Anyhow, I *have* hanged many of them. To confess the truth quite frankly, they were not so bad as I imagined. At least I felt less uncomfortable with them than with those dreadful pictures in the cheap lodging-houses. Oh those pictures! "Forget-me-not," or "Pansies" and "Violets" or "Irises," painted by some amateur girl-artists, or those decorated letterings of the texts from the Bible, have been my nightmare in the London diggings for the last fifteen years!

My own pictures seemed a little better after all. Of course, my anticipation was true. I can see many faults in my pictures, but it is a great lesson to me not to repeat them in my next pictures. Then, quite apart from the art, my own sketches always bring back my past history into my recollection. Some vivid memories of my past life in Paris or Rome often sweeten my thoughts. If those pictures can be sold I am ready to bid farewell to them any moment. But if not, I am quite happy to spend the rest of my life with them.

The next addition to my new rooms were one hundred volumes of books "contributed" by my dear publishers. Half of them were the classical editions under the same covers. The kind and thoughtful publishers presented me with a beautiful mahogany bookcase which exactly fits for those volumes, and the other half of the books were the newly-published novels, which I arranged in another bookcase.

One day a John Bulless friend came and looked at those novels. She so hesitatingly said: "Are you interested in those novels? Do you read them?" I said: "No; never. How very silly of you to ask me such a question; you know I am well known as a book-hater. I keep them only as a part of the furniture." Now she got much braver. With such a commanding expression, she said: "Well, then, why those novels? If some strangers, who don't know you well, come into the room and see those large gilded titles on the back of the books, they would undervalue your personality."

" . . . Um, um! But listen to me. The

truth is this. I was at the office of my publishers a few days ago. They asked me what books I would like to have. So I said: 'Some new novels, please.' I said that thinking how very fond of the novels are the English people. If my English visitors get bored with my conversation, there they are! They can enjoy themselves with their novels. If those novels are so cheap, I ought to be blamed, for I have cheapened my English visitors."

She laughed and called me "a very funny boy." She passed her eyes to the other bookcase. "Ah, these are just the right books! You see, the sets of the works of Stevenson, Browning, Shelley, &c. &c. They sound more like your room. I do hope you will read them yourself one day."

Lately while I was waiting for my water-colour to be dried, I picked up one book, *Legendary Ballads*, because it had the illustrations by Byam Shaw. When I opened the first page, it said: "St. George and the Dragon." During my fifteen year stay in England, I have seen the pictures of "St. George and the Dragon" more than a hundred times. I got quite bored with them, except when I see them on the back of the gold coins. However, I did not know their history until now. So I was quite interested to read and know them at last.

This legend resembles with some Japanese mythology, so let me write it for the reader's amusement.

The Goddess of the Sun, the Ancestress of our Mikado, had a brother called Susanowo. He was very wild and vulgar. Once while the Goddess of the Sun was weaving, he insulted his sister goddess. She was angry and shut the stone gate. The whole world became quite dark. The other gods tried to please her by giving all kinds of musics. But all were in vain. She refused to open the gate. Then a rooster crowed. The goddess was very pleased, and opened the stone door just slightly to see what was going on outside. One of the gods called Iwanetachikaranowo pulled her out, and there was the bright daylight again. (Since this event it has become the duty of all the roosters to call out the Sun every morning.) Now that rude god Susanowo had to be banished into a far-away country called "Idsumo," or the Home of Clouds. He went there and saw an old man and an old woman sitting on both sides of a beautiful girl, and they all were crying.

Susanowo asked them what was the matter with them. The old woman said: "There is a very large serpent with eight heads. He comes to this village to eat young girls. We have lost all other young girls, except this last one. To-night that dreadful serpent is coming to eat her. That is why we are crying." Susanowo said: "If you give me this beautiful girl as my future wife, I shall save her life." They all consented with the utmost delight. Susanowo then prepared sakè in the eight large jars and made a shelf above those eight jars, and asked the girl to sit on the shelf. Susanowo himself was hiding in a bush. It was the same midnight, when the gale began to blow over the village, and the hundred lightnings were shooting from the dark clouds above.

Susanowo so bravely gazed upon the clouds. He saw the monster serpent with eight heads was coming down. The eight heads saw the reflections of the girl in the eight jars. They thought the girl must be in the bottom of each jar! So they began to drink the sakè of all the jars. When they finished them, they were quite drunken, and went fast asleep. Now Susanowo drew his sword and cut the serpent into pieces.

But when he tried to cut the tail of the serpent, his sword was broken and he saw some hard thing in the tail which gave out a dazzling ray. It was a wonderful dagger. Susanowo brought this dagger back to his sister the Goddess of the Sun. She was very pleased and said: "This is the very dagger which my father God has lost some ages ago."

The Goddess of the Sun forgave Susanowo and made him marry that beautiful girl.

This dagger is one of the three divine things which have been handed from generation after generation up to the present Mikado as the token of the Divinity.

The human beings are rather queer and funny things to create such legends and enjoy themselves.

After I finished "St. George and the Dragon," I picked up Mark Twain's sketches. I did that because I had heard of Mark Twain from my publishers. "Oh yes, we all knew Mark Twain," they said, "he used to come to our upstairs room and write. He charged a shilling a word," &c.

Let me see if I had patience enough to read one page of his book, that means a hundred pounds' worth!

Very unfortunately I opened twenty-second page of the book. The title of the chapter was "How I edited an agricultural paper once." Upon my word, who ever could believe him? I quote a few words here: "Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree." . . . "Turnips don't grow on trees." "Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? . . . I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

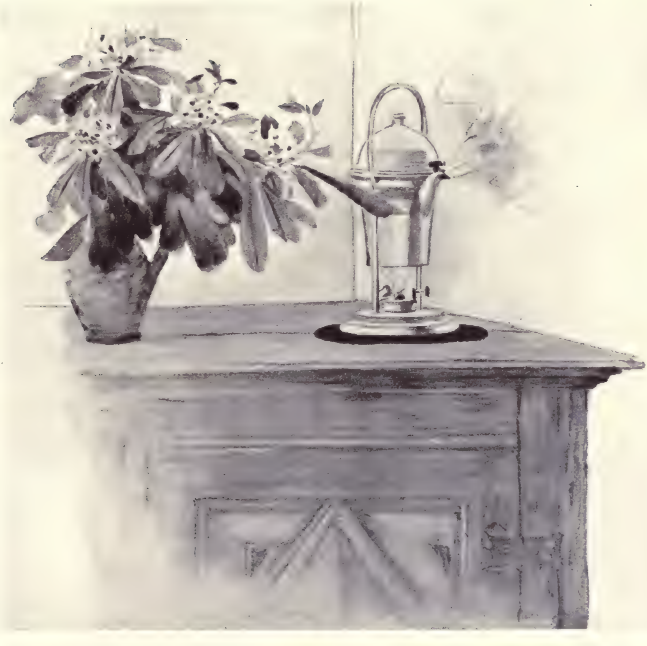
How very good natured of the public who accepts such a story and laughs! I tell you sincerely, that I love humour. But humour ought to have some limitation within the human sense. Even if my publishers would pay me £1 a word I would refuse to discuss about such insincere rubbish of Mark Twain. I exclaimed in half anger: "Can't believe, can't believe"; then I spat on the book and threw it away. My time is too precious to be fooled like that.

Once some ancient philosopher was biting a sugar cane from the top. A boy told him: "Master, the sweet part is at the bottom." Whereupon the philosopher said: "I am getting to it by degrees." I suppose to become a typical bookworm, one needs that patience of this philosopher's. If I could continue reading for a long while, I might have come to the sweetest part of Mark Twain by degrees. But unluckily I have not got that patience yet.

On the other hand, I have a fairly good

patience for the arts. I mean I can enjoy myself looking at any pictures—good or bad. Some ancient Chinese philosopher said: "Every neighbour of ours can be our teacher. If we see a good man, we shall follow after him. If we see a bad one, we shall try not to be like him." So with the pictures for me. "Ah, you are a real artist, then!" some friends exclaimed. But don't you see how poor is my art! What am I after all! Proper name for me is "an art lover." And I love those beautiful books and bookcase which my publishers have given to me—just to look at them without reading. What I really read with a great interest every night are those ancient Chinese classics. I have ordered about a hundred volumes more from Japan. I shall be happy when they come.

At the mean time, what I like more than any books is my coffee-machine, which I bought lately. Talking generally, England is very poor of coffee, except at the receptions of some wealthy society people, and a few west-end restaurants. I can prove my logic with the conversations at the groceries, which I often overhear. The customers order their grocers to send the teas with some particular names (they know the teas very well). But when they order coffee, they generally say:



MY COFFEE MACHINE.

"Oh eighteen pence a pound is quite good enough." "Oh send us the best coffee, I pay you two shillings a pound." It seems to me they don't know even the names. They regulate their coffee with its price, and its taste notwithstanding. How different from the way they treat the tea! I have been tortured with the "coffee" at those diggings for such a long time. Very often I doubted whether it was the real coffee or the brick-dust.

Banzai for my coffee-machine! Now I can taste the coffee at last. I had a long lecture about the coffee-making from my French lady friend while I was in Paris. I order my grocer to roast the French black coffee not more than the quantity for two days, and I grind the berries myself for each time. How very amusing to watch the pot boiling! First for a minute or two after the lamp is lit, I hear the sound like the gentle breeze over a vast forest, then the tide coming up to the shore, then the trains passing over a railway bridge in distance. These tender musics do not last long. Then it begins to sound like a mouse nibbling the floor, next, as if someone is knocking at my door. Then it goes on with much more prolonged reports as if the military manœuvres are taking place in a distant field, and the pot itself swings to and fro. At the same time volumes of the steam are puffing out from the mouthpiece. And it makes the whole room scented with the delicious flavour. If I have some visitors in the evenings, I always make the coffee, though I myself never take it in the evening.

When I went to Paris to illustrate *The Colour of Paris*, one evening I went to the Café Pantheon on Boulevard St. Michel. I wanted to sit on one of the outdoor chairs and watch the people on the street. I thought it might be too mean of me to occupy a chair for the whole night having only a cup of coffee. So I ordered it every few minutes, and I drank more than dozen cups between 9 P.M. and 12.30 A.M. I felt frightfully queer and could not sleep at all. Since this event, if I take a drop of coffee in the night, it awakens me all night. However, it is very pleasant to make coffee for my visitors. When my English visitors begin to talk quickly for themselves I can hardly catch a few words, unless I try to pay a special attention to them. But generally I feel too tired to do so in the evenings, so I always let them go on themselves. They may be making some business transaction, or they may be making love. I don't mind. I enjoy myself by listening to my coffee-machine, and smile at it, and when I offer the coffee to my visitors they smile at me.

When I had my "At Home" at my publishers, they persuaded me to buy a visitors' book. All the visitors kindly signed their names in it. After the "At Home" was over, they said I ought to keep this book in my studio and get more of the visitors' signatures. The first visitors were my friend and all his family in Hampstead. They all signed their names, date, &c. &c. Since then, many notable people have honoured me by visiting. A keen autograph-collector would not have failed to ask their signatures. But I always forgot it, for I am too much interested with their conversations.

A few weeks later, my Hampstead friend came again. "Where is your visitors' book, Heiji?" "Here it is!" "I say, no more visitors since we came last time? It is impossible! You have never asked your visitors to sign their names? You are fraud!"

"Oh no. I am not fraud. Whenever some interesting people come to see me, their opinions, their personalities, and their appearances are well impressed in my heart and I scarcely care for their signatures. Sometimes they are awfully unreadable, too."

Thereupon my friend exclaimed: "I shall not sign my name any more. I too like to be impressed in your heart."

"Certainly your dear self is always most readable in my heart."

It was just during the rehearsal of the "Typhoon," Mrs. Irving (Miss Mabel Hackney) lent me "Helen's" dresses in order to paint a poster. I have immediately spread them all over my sofa and armchair and looked at them. Then I went to bed. Next morning the housekeeper brought my breakfast just as usual. But she did not come into my bedroom as she has done every morning. "Mr. Markino, I brought your breakfast." "Come in!" "May I come in? Or shall I leave this in the studio?" "Come in!" "I can leave it here if you like?" "Come in!" She came in at last and found me "alone" in the bed. "Oh, Mr. Markino, I was so frightened with those dresses, although I knew so well that you *are* really a gentleman!" And she breathed so abruptly.

I am amusing myself to hear my visitors' criticisms everytime when they come to my new studio. Some one said: "Oh how Japanesie!" I said: "All are the English materials except that figure of the Japanese woman on the mantelpiece."

"But, Mr. Markino, you have chosen the colours quite Japanese!"

"I have chosen the colours with the help of my friend. . . ."

"——, your Japanese friend?"

"No, Mr. Wyburd of Wigmore Street. So far as I know he is a pure Englishman —not even a drop of the German blood in him!"

Some visitors have expressed their deep reluctance. "Why have you not furnished in the Japanese way?"

Well, well, well! If I really wanted everything Japanese, I would rather go back to Japan and have them all there. Why I live in England is because I love my daily life quite English, with the English people and English things!

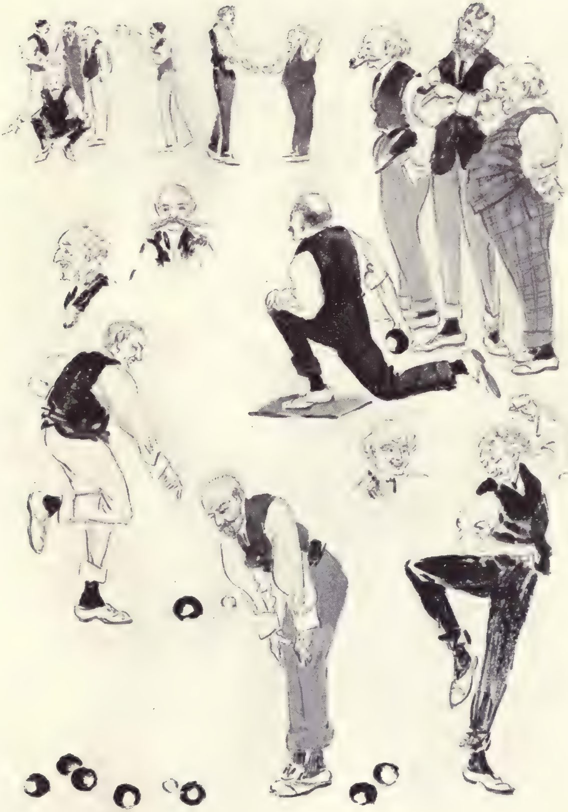
While I am writing this, I am looking at every corner of my room, thinking that all my future has to be spent here—whether comedy or tragedy or dull life, who knows? I am only whistling and reciting To Yen Mei's poetry:

". . . I am praising the universe which has its regular seasons
And I am realising the corresponding periods of our human life.
Let it not be talked much,

For who knows how long should I keep my shape in
this world ?
The Wealth and Fame are not my Ambitions,
The Paradise could not be expected in this world !

. . . .

It is my delight to follow after the true law of the
Nature,
And I doubt it not whatever."



BOWLING.

CHAPTER IV

EMOTION AND ETYMOLOGY

In Japan we call *word* "Kotoba" or "Koto-no-Ha." Its literal meaning is, the leaves of Idea. Indeed, our idea is like the trunk of tree, while the words are like the leaves. As the botanist judges what tree it is by seeing its leaves, so we judge what idea one has by hearing the words.

There are great differences between the richness and poorness of words in the different countries. Japan is certainly richer in her words than England. Just for an example, we have more than nine words for the word "I." The Emperor alone calls himself "Chin," and all his subjects call themselves "Watakushi," "Washi," "Ore," "Boku," "Sessha," "Soregashi," "Ware," "Yo," &c. &c., according to the circumstances. The second or third person changes as much as the first person "I," and all the verbs accordingly. When I started to learn the English first time, I asked my American teacher, "What shall I call myself before the Emperor?" He said "I."

"Then what shall I say before my parents?"

"I."

"What shall I say before my men friends? And before my women friends?"

"I."

I was quite astonished, and said, "How simple, but how rude is the English language!"

However, to-day I am living in England and using only the English language to express my ideas, and I do not find her poverty of words, even though the stock of the English vocabularies in my head is much poorer than the English people's. And why? Because I can put my own feeling in them. I think words are just like pictures. If you draw a line without any idea, it is no more than a simple line, but if you draw a line with the feeling of tree, it will look like tree, and if you draw it with the feeling of water, it will look like water. With our own emotion we can make that single word "I" into modestness, haughtiness, madness, or anything.

Then the resource of conveying our emotion to each other does not depend upon the wealth of words only. It is our imagination and our sympathy which communicates our emotion.

The more sympathy we have to each other the less important are our words.

We have a saying in Japan, "Lovers always talk nonsense." Indeed their conversation must sound most nonsensical to the third person, but don't you know they are communicating emotions to unmeasurable extent between themselves? It is not always necessary to be in the sexual love, but the fraternal or paternal love often conveys its deep emotion with some poor words, or even with quite wrong words.

When I was in Japan I had a boy-friend called Junji Nonoyama. My brother took us both to the nearest large town called Nagoya. We came back by foot in midnight. It was raining hard. We arrived at Junji's house. Junji knocked the door. His sister came to the door and said, "Why have you not stayed in a hotel instead of coming back so late in such a dreadful night?"

Junji said, "Oh . . . because it is so wet and so late."

His sister welcomed him, saying, "I see, I see; I quite understand you."

After we left there my brother laughed and said to me, "What has she 'seen' in Junji's argument? It is most illogical to say he has come back because it is wet and late!"

I said, "Ah, but it was their delightful fraternal love which they understood each other. His sister must have appreciated Junji's devotion towards her."

I was in my early teens then, but since this incident I began to wonder that where there is sympathy there must be some emotion communicating to each other deeply, quite apart from their words. There is another example. When I was seven or eight, my aunt came to my house. She had four daughters. She was talking with my sister about her second daughter. But all through her conversation, she was calling the second daughter by the name of the third daughter. My sister, too, was talking in the same way. After my aunt had gone I told my sister how they were mistaken about the girl's name. She was quite amazed, as if she was awakened for the first time then.

When the people become the slaves of emotion, they often commit accidental comedy. One of my father's friends married a woman who looked like the Japanese toy tigers. The villagers nicknamed her "Toy-tiger wife." But of course no friend would dare say that to her or to her husband. One day some friend visited on them, and the husband and that friend began the game of "go" (a Japanese draughts, which is far more complicated than that of English). The "go" players were getting more and more excited, and the friend became almost unconscious of his surrounding. Each time when he played his turn, he shouted, "Here is the toy-tiger wife!" And the husband joined him: "Now let me see the toy-tiger wife!"

"Don't you see the toy-tiger wife?"

"Oh, you toy-tiger wife."

"Now then, what will you do with your toy-tiger wife?"

"Better to get rid of this toy-tiger wife."

All the time the wife was listening to this in the next room. When the game was over, the wife came out and jilted the husband. There was a great trouble.

However, all those incidents which I have given above were between the friends or families. But suppose you are among your enemies! The matter differs a great deal.

Here comes in the necessity of the right words and good rhetoric. Even your most thoughtful words often bring you an unexpected result. For the emotion has life while the words are dead things, and very often you cannot represent the living emotion with the dead words, and your enemies are always watching to take the advantage.

Once upon a time, there was a very loyal and truthful subject in China. All the other officers in the court were jealous of him, and accused him to the Emperor as a traitor. The Emperor believed that accusation and banished him in the boundary of the country.

Afterwards the Emperor began to recollect his goodness and summoned him to take the formal position. He was overcome with the happy emotion, and sent a poetry to the Emperor:

> "The straight root reaches to the ninth spring beneath the earth,
> And it has no curve whatever.
> No one knows it in this world except the Dragon in the ground."

The poor man meant that he is always straight and righteous even where nobody can see. Only the Emperor who has power in heaven as well as in earth can see it. The original poetry in Chinese is one of the most excellent ones from its literary value. But the surrounding officers of the Emperor took it as a great insult to the Emperor. "For," they said, "the Dragon in the ground must have meant the death of the Emperor." So they executed him into death.

In Japan, Yoritomo, the first Shogun, had a hunting near Fuji mountain. There was a rumour that he was assassinated. His wife was much grieved with this rumour. Noriyori, the younger brother of the Shogun, said, " Be in ease, for here am I, Noriyori." It was merely his sympathetic emotion towards his sister-in-law. But the Shogun took it as a rebellious word and demanded him to commit " harakiri."

In Japan or in China there have been innumerous disasters through the insufficient words for the emotion, which fell into the enemy's hands. Therefore our first lesson for the children is to be careful of our words. Some three thousand years ago there was a boy-king called Sei in China. His uncle Shuko was regent for him. One day this boy-king cut a leaf of the tree into the shape of "kei" (the sign to appoint a mayor). He gave it to his boy friend and playfully said, " I shall appoint you as a governor." Shuko bowed down before his young nephew-king and asked in most cordial way, " In what state will your Majesty appoint this subject as the governor ? " The boy-king said, " I was only joking." Whereupon Shuko said, " The king shall have no vain word whatever, and he made the king obliged to make that boy into a governor of some state. Shuko threatened the boy-king and made him into a machine. Poor boy-king! He could freely express his emotion no more. He must have lessened all his pleasure in this world.

If such is the life of a king, it is worse to be a king than to be a prisoner. However, that description of Shuko's has been worshipped by some Japanese and Chinese. There are quite many people who are over-cautious even when they are among their most sympathetic friends. They are frightened to utter a single word, in fear that "it might make the listeners misunderstand." These people are evidently trying to make the world deadly dull. It is all through their lack of sense and wisdom as well as sympathy, and I simply get sick of them!

On the other hand, look at the law-courts of to-day. Some solicitors, especially young inexperienced ones, often play upon the words unnecessarily. They leave the main fact far behind and go on fighting with words. Thus they spend the precious time and money in vain. And after going round and round with words they only have to come back to the main point at the end. I call it hopelessly stupid and unnecessary task. Of course there are too many awful liars in this world, and to some certain degree the fighting of words may be necessary to find out the truth. But the real resource to find out the truth must be by one's wisdom and sympathy, and not by unnecessary and insincere words. By saying "sympathy," I do not mean to agree foolishly with the false statement. I mean sympathy combined with wisdom to judge one's real feeling. (Here I am using the two words "sympathy" and "wisdom," for which I feel I need to give you the explanation with an example. Suppose there is a man who has never tasted champagne and you want to convince him what is champagne, you shall have to describe the taste of champagne with other things which he has already tasted. If his mental power is strong, he may be able to imagine something as near to champagne as possible. But surely he shall not know exactly what champagne is until he puts the champagne in his mouth and tastes it. On the other hand, suppose one has already tasted champagne. You need no explanation at all. If you say only "champagne," he would make a glad eye upon you and reply, "Oh yes!" The words between you and him are simple but the emotion will communicate each other quite fully. Now, then, "wisdom" is that power to understand what is champagne *after tasting it*, and "sympathy" is that power to imagine what champagne is by listening to your description. Therefore if one has neither "wisdom" nor "sympathy" he is no more than a dead stone, the case is absolutely hopeless for you to convince him.

And also there are many people who have already tasted champagne, yet when you describe champagne they try to ignore everything. These people are what I call "insincere" or "awful liars," and you often find them among the very poor lawyers. We must get rid of them.)

As I said before, words are the leaves of the trunk called *Idea*, and our urgent duty is to find out what kind of tree it is. Even if there is a simple deformed and imperfect leaf, the genuine botanist can judge what tree it is. So the genuine people ought to be able to find out one's true idea from his imperfect words.

Hitherto I have been discussing how to find out the third person's emotion and idea by their words (especially in the case where the third person is very poor in rhetoric). Now let me talk how we ourselves should express our feeling with our words.

It is just like to lift up things with your hand. Suppose there is a chair. If you get hold of the end of one of its feet you may not be able to lift it up, though you use all your strength. But if you find out the centre of gravity you can lift it up quite easily with your one finger. So with our feelings. If you don't know which part of your feeling you should pick up in your words you would never be able to communicate your feeling to the other. The more words you use, the more you get into muddle! It is exactly same thing as if you get hold of the wrong part of the chair and use all your strength to lift it up. As you need to find out the centre of gravity to lift up the chair, so you need to find out the important pitch or gist to express your feelings.

Perhaps one or two words may be sufficient to express your whole feelings in that way. By saying this, I do not mean to ignore the beautiful rhetoric with abundant words.

On the summer day, when the trees are covered with abundant beautiful leaves, we are delighted to look at them. So with our words. If every word of ours is quite sincere to our emotion, the richer is our vocabulary the more we can win the hearts. The ancient Chinese Odes are the best examples to prove this. Confucius said to his scholars, "Read the Odes, for they give you the lessons of the human emotion as well as the vocabularies." It is my habit to read them before I go to bed almost every night, and their sincere emotion expressed by rich vocabularies soothe my weary mind, which is so often worn-out in this troublesome world. I can only express my feeling with one of the Odes itself: "I always think of those ancient people in order to lessen my own burdens." Let us hope that we may some day express our own emotions as the Odes have done. However, the human natures are not always so beautiful as the trees, which are always natural to their nature. It is often that some people have too much superfluous words which only kill their real emotions, and sometimes they have quite false words. By the way, have you ever seen the trees get any false leaves? Ah, how far inferior are those people than the trees! If I see one has too much superfluous words or false words, I prefer that he should be rather imperfect in his words. This is the main reason why there are many girls who love the foreigners more than their own countrymen. For when the foreigners cannot master the different languages their imperfect words sound very innocent, and that attracts the girls' hearts very much. But beware, girls! You may find them out quite humbug when they begin to speak your language perfectly.

Now about the superfluousness of words.

I have something to say. There is some difference between the public speech and private conversation. Just the right words for the public speech may become too much superfluous for the private conversation. Too much exciting gesture and too many emphasized words are absolutely unnecessary to convey our emotion among a few people. You would not shoot partridges with the twelve-inch gun, would you? In Japan we call those manners *vulgar*, and surely they are either insincere persons or fools. Fortunately most English people have no faults of such bad manners. But I have noticed that too often among the continental people. They are simply disgusting. The best resource of friend-making is to express our emotion in proper way, and to express our emotion we need to study the rhetoric and elocution; but above all these knowledges, we most urgently need our Sincerity and Sympathy. And nothing could be nobler than to be natural to our own natures.

Just while I was writing this chapter I received a cutting from some English paper published in Japan. It was such a good example to prove my logic, therefore I quote it here.

" . . . by Mr. Yoshio 'Markino,' a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name, and whose contributions to English journals and periodicals, written in a pidgin-English which is supposed to be 'quaint,' are becoming somewhat wearisome. . . . The style is a pose, for it is difficult to believe that Mr. Markino cannot write more accurate English after his long residence in America and England, and the constant use of the language not only in everyday life but in literary work . . . the real fact is that Mr. Markino finds that the English public or the periodicals like these essays in broken English, and he supplies them with what they want."

Readers, notice what this writer declares so definitely—"*the real fact is that Mr. Markino is so and so.*" How does he know my inner heart? And how dare he declare it in such a decided way? The real fact is just reverse. I am not a slave of either the publishers or public. You may realise what I really mean if you see my paintings. There has been loud cry among the publishers and public that I should not paint any other way than the Japanese style. From the business point of view, I would get ten times better result only if I "posed" and painted Japanese style. But I cannot do so. I am doing just what

I am really feeling. So with my writing. It is merely unexpected coincidence that the English public like my own English. But suppose the English public hate my writing, do I change my style? No, never! In fact, there are some among my most intimate English friends who love me, but hate my English. One of them told me the other day that he would correct my writings into the pure English if I couldn't write better, for the sake to avoid that ugliness. But I refused. Now let me tell you whether I am "posing" or not.

There is some great reason why my English is not progressing quick enough—quite apart from my stupidity on the language. It is true that I have been in America and England long enough to speak English perfectly. But first of all, remember that I am an artist, and I have not had enough chances of "the constant use of the language every day life" as that writer imagines.

For instance, while I was staying at a lodging-house in Oxford to illustrate a book, I used to go out to find out the subjects and then paint them in my room. My landlady used to bring my meals to my room, and I only nodded my head to her. Only the place where I might have had a chance to talk was a tobacco-shop where I used to buy the tobacco every day. But in three or four days' time, my tobacconist began to know what tobacco I wanted. No sooner I entered into his shop than he took out a package of my tobacco and handed it to me. I left the money on the counter and came out with this single word — "Good day!" After three months I finished my works there and came back to London. At Paddington Station a few friends were waiting me on the platform. I talked with them about five minutes, and my jaws were too tired to talk any more. More or less in the same way I have spent all my life in England until quite recently. Beside this fact, as I have so often said, I hate reading books. Who could expect me to improve my English, then? Fancy, the writer accuses me that I "pose." "Pose" for what?

Suppose if that writer were the Chinese Emperor and I the poet, he would kill me. Suppose if he were the Shogun Yoritomo and I his brother, he would demand me to do "harakiri"!

The writer so foolishly says, "a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name." I suppose he expects me to spell my name Makino, after the rule of "the Roman spelling association," which is existing among the foreigners in Japan, and some Japanese who are in contact with them. Poor man! I dare say that "Roman spelling" rule may be useful for the foreigners in Japan as long as they cannot write the real Japanese characters. (By the way, most foreigners in Japan cannot write Japanese characters, though they are staying there longer than I in England, therefore they use that Roman spelling rule to write Japanese. Only I don't sneer at them and say they "pose.")

But do you ever expect all the nations in the world would follow after that rule? I hope you are a little wiser and keep on your own common sense!

For instance, look at Esperanto! Its own idea is most splendid. But what is the use to learn the Esperanto for oneself as long as the whole world would not learn it? I sincerely advise you that you need to learn those practical languages more urgently. If you learn French you would have a great convenience in France, and if you learnt German you would have a great convenience in Germany. But where can you get much convenience by learning the Esperanto except with those small numbers of people who have learnt it? This world has too many languages already, and the Esperanto speakers have added one more new language to the world instead of reducing many languages into one. I must tell you that the "Roman spelling" in Japan is far more limited and far more local than the Esperanto. The Great Britain has forty-five or forty-six millions population and still larger numbers in her colonies, and how many of them have been in Japan? And among those comparatively small number who were in Japan, how many understand the Roman spelling, which is so inconvenient that neither English nor Japanese can read without studying? And it is also so imperfect that many Japanese words are impossible to be spelt in its way.

I am not surprised if there are not quite one hundred people in this country who can read the "Roman spelling." Could I possibly be such a fool to spell my name for the sake of a very few people and give a great inconvenience to so many millions of people as well as to myself? To tell you the truth, I used to spell my name Makino when I arrived to this country. Once I went to a boot-shop in Knightsbridge and bought a pair of boots. The shopman said he would send them to my lodgings in Milner Street on the same day. I waited two days. No boots came to me. I went to the shop again and inquired about my boots. The shopman said to me, "We have delivered them to your address on the same day, but a housemaid said to our deliverer that there was not a gentleman called Mr. Mayking. Here are the undelivered boots for you, sir."

Another time some stranger was calling me "Mr. May-kino, Mr. Maykino." I did not answer him because it sounded so different from my real name, and I thought he was calling somebody else. Every time when I met with strangers I had to explain them that my name was not May-kino. And at last I have invented a new spelling of my name as *Markino.* Since then everybody calls my name as near to the Japanese pronunciation as possible and I have had no more trouble. So you see I am spelling my name for the practical purpose of my daily life in England.

It is not only about the spelling of my name that the third-class brains are playing fool upon. They are always sticking to their own poor logic and giving all sorts of trouble about trifle matters on our daily busy life. I shall discuss about this in the chapter "Human Insincerity."

In England there are more serious and more sincere reviewers than that writer, and they often ask me: "Some parts of your books are written with better English than the other parts. Are you really not posing sometimes ?"

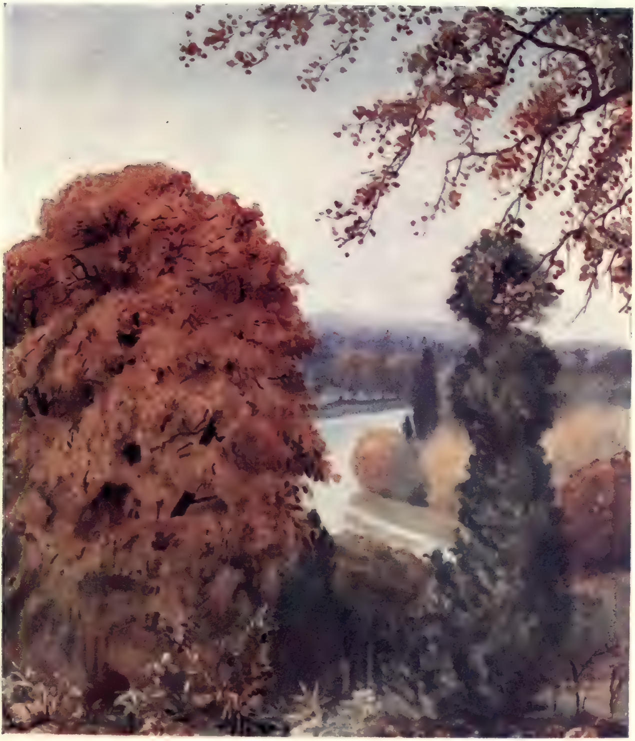
For this question I have a very sincere answer. I must confess you that I have a friend who is always looking after my writings. She would not correct my own English. But I asked her that when I talk about my philosophy, or anything which I really mean very serious, I do not want the reader to laugh over my imperfect English, therefore she should correct them into better English. At first she shook her head and refused to do so, saying it would be "pity." At last she has consented to do it. That is why those serious articles of mine are always in better English ; and about other lighter articles, she passes them as they are. Then I have a handicap with the printers. They make my "to" into "so," and "is" into "as," &c. It seems to me they make more mistakes with my writing than that of English writers. One of the staff of my publishers told me that it could not be helped. Because when the English writers write books, the printers know they should be correct English, therefore the printers arrange the "types" with their sense. But when they print my writing they don't know what words will come next. Therefore even when they made a mistake themselves, they might think it was my mistake, and the publishers had no control over that matter.

Here let me add that even my lady collaborator often gets into the same "muddle" like the printers when she corrects the proofs of my MSS., and once I touched the proofs myself after she passed them. My publishers were furious, and said to me: "Whatever have you made such a mess on the proofs for? The printers were grumbling very much." I said "Amen" in my desperation.

However, my English will never become the English English. Why? Because I am my father's son after all. My father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. He used to lecture those classics to his young pupils all day long, and even in his leisure time he used to recite the ancient Chinese poetries in the gardens or in the rooms, whenever he felt the emotion in his heart, and I used to listen to him since I was in cradle. Even when I was such a little baby and could not understand what that meant, I used to imitate his recitation, and no sooner I began to pick up the meaning of words than he taught me all the ancient Chinese literatures. Naturally to express my emotion in the way of the ancient Chinese rhetoric has become my own instinct.

As such has been my case, I am afraid that I may be one-sided, but I cannot help thinking even the quite fair-minded critic would choose the ancient Chinese literature as the highest in the world.

When I was a little boy I used to swallow the Chinese words in whole, and they came out exactly as they were when I expressed my emotion. To-day my mind is fully grown up and has the power to digest them. I mean I do not mock after the Chinese literature. The style of my writing is entirely my own, but it is fact that I get all the nourishments from the Chinese literature. Since I came to England I have learnt the English vocabulary and idioms, but I can never satisfy myself to follow after the English colloquial. I feel I cannot convey my own emotion enough to you by doing in that way. I could not be more than a parrot then. Therefore I construct my sentences in my own way, then I fill them up with the English words which I know. I believe this is the only resource to express my emotion truthfully, and I have faith in it. At the present stage I know my writing is very imperfect, but I have a great confidence to succeed to establish my own new style. Here is a Japanese saying for those impatient people: "Wait until I finish up my work and don't criticise while it is half done."



RICHMOND.

CHAPTER V

MEMORY AND IMAGINATION

THE human beings are just like houses. When we are born we have nothing in our brain, though we certainly have our own nature and instincts which we have inherited from generation after generation. These natures and instincts are like the shape and size of houses. Whatever may be the shape, or however large may be the size, the inside is absolutely empty; then by seeing or by hearing, or by feeling the surrounding things, all these memories are getting into our brain. Therefore the memories are just like the furnitures. When we get some furnitures, we arrange them in the house conveniently, according to the shape and size of the house, so we arrange all our memories according to our nature and instinct. This arrangement is called "imagination."

As we need many furnitures in our houses, so we need as many memories in our brains as possible, and in our early life when "the houses" are empty, we can put in comparatively large numbers of memories through our five senses. And these are absolutely *pure* memories. These pure memories are limited, though there are varieties in the number (I mean some can have more than others), just as you cannot put in more furnitures than your house can hold. When we pass some certain period of our life, the pure memory ceases and our memory becomes that of comparative and logical.

For instance, suppose a flying-machine is passing above our heads. Little babies would ask, "What is it?" "It is a flying-machine." Then the flying-machine itself in all will get into their memories as a "flying-machine." Elder people are different. When they see a flying-machine, they immediately begin to compare it with something which is already stocked in their memories. They would say, "Oh, its shape is just like dragon-fly or birds, and its size is same with boat," &c. &c. In that way they remember everything, and in case they have not stocked memories enough to compare with, they will easily forget. Therefore I always say you must not neglect to stock your memories while you are young. The pure memories are practically your own capital, which you are going to invest in your future.

Now, then, what I call "logical memory"

is this. Suppose we have seen a large building and it had hundreds windows. We might not be able to remember each of them as they looked to us. But only if we observed its style of the architecture—Corinthian or Gothic, or Renaissance or Baroque, or Modern—we could easily judge that each window should be so and so, and thus we put the picture of every window into our memories much quicker than those who are ignorant of architecture and try to remember everyone with their pure memories. Fortunately we are born in this civilised century and are receiving immense benefits from those scientists who have classified every branch of the Nature, such as botany, zoology, natural history, &c. &c. The sciences are indeed the longitudes and latitudes on the sphere of our brain.

Although there may be some differences in the brain of the different races, the contrast between East and West comes from our different education rather than the different qualities of our brain. Just let us observe how the children of East and West are attaining the memory. There is nothing greater in contrast between the two than our writing and reading. The Westerner gets the memory mostly from his ears, while the Easterner gets it more from his eyes. The English language has only twenty-six letters in the alphabet. When the English children learn these very easy and simple letters with their eyes, they need not to use their eyes any longer. I have observed how they learn the spelling at the English nursery or grammar-school. The teacher would ask the children: "How do you spell 'boy'?" The children answer, "B-o-y, boy." Thus they learn all the spellings from their ears. Although there are some exceptional irregularities in the English spelling, there are some systematical rules, according to the pronunciation. Therefore what I call "the pure memory" is only twenty-six letters of the alphabet and a few rules, and all the rest of their memory is that which I call "logical."

Then I also observed how the English children recite essays or poetries. They look at the book just for one glance, then they put down the book on the desk and recite the writing with their feeling. They begin to study histories, literature, and sciences comparatively in early age, and the memories which they get from these studies are only the facts, and they never think of the shapes of letters at this stage.

The education for the Oriental children is not so. Although we have forty-seven letters in the Japanese alphabet, we mix the Chinese characters as well in our writings. In the Chinese writing each character represents a word. They are pictures, and not the sign of pronunciation. Therefore there are millions of characters, and we have to remember every one of them. Some Chinese characters are as simple as the English alphabet, but some are extraordinarily difficult. You may be surprised if I tell you that some times we have more than thirty strokes of brush for a single character. To learn thousands of those complicated characters, we have our education at the grammar-school from six year old to fourteen years of age, and yet most boys do not finish studying all the characters we have. Of course we have histories, sciences, &c., during the grammar-school course. But the teachers always tell the children, "Pay your utmost attention to the shapes of each character and try to remember them." Besides that, we have a special penmanship lesson. It is not only to learn the shape of characters, but to learn the handling of brushes. The art of writing in Japan or China is just as much as the art of painting. Its taste is absolutely infinitive. As such is the education for the Eastern children, we get the tremendous power of memory from our eyes. And all these memories are what I call the pure memories. This training gives more advantage to us than the Western scholars to become artists. For we have much stronger power to remember every small detail of the nature which we observe to paint. However, it is very often the case that the Orientals go too deeply to train the memories from the eyes only, and neglect to train the other part of the brain. Its result becomes very peculiar indeed.

When I open the books (Japanese or Chinese books usually), a whole page looks to me just like the landscapes. If you see the natural view you will observe here is a house, there are trees, and the sea beyond the hill, &c. &c. So it is with me when I look at the pages of books. Here is the name of man with the most complicated characters, there is the date in the simple letters, and so on. Such comes into my memory, and the meaning of the writings becomes the second question. I have the full memories of all the books I learnt when I was a child. If my English friends ask me the Japanese history, first of all I open some certain pages of the history in my mental picture, and recollect all those landscape-like pages to read, then I give its accounts to my friends. If you asked me who was the first Mikado of Japan, I would answer you—"Jimmu." Only the shapes of the letters "Jimmu" comes to my mind, and his personality comes far later on.

This peculiar result of book-reading seems to be quite common and natural to most Oriental scholars. Therefore some ancient Chinese philosopher said, "If you read several thousand books and have no imaginary power to digest them, it is worse than not reading a single book." To avoid that peculiar result of only remembering the pages, we have two ways to learn the books in our school in Japan.

One is Sodok, and the other is Koshak. Sodok means "plain reading," by which we learn the shapes of letters. Koshak means "explaining the meaning," by which the teachers give the verbal lectures with colloquial dialogue. (By the way, the Japanese writings are quite different from our daily conversational words, although quite lately they began to try to write as they speak.) It seems to me the English education is simpler, because, as I said before, you have only twenty-six letters in your alphabet to remember and as your writing is same with your speaking language. If you read the histories, the memory of its main facts must come directly into your brain and intermarry with your own imagination at once. Certainly I approve that very much. But I must plead that the Japanese way is not quite disadvantageous only. The reason is when we are merely children, our knowledge and our wisdom are so little, and we often imagine the things in quite a wrong way. When the wrong imagination once intermarries with your memory, it is very difficult for you to put it into the right way again even if you find that you are wrong in your later life. We have saying in Japan: "The first-comer always becomes the most autocratic host in our brains," or "The memory of three-year-old child will remain until he gets a hundred years of age." Those *narrow-minded*, religious people or philosophers are generally the victims of this stubborn and stupid autocratic host in their brains. They stick to their own opinion—quite a wrong one!—they never listen to any others. I have found out these hopeless victims more among the people who have only twenty-six or less letter alphabets! Now let me tell you my experiences in the early life. I started to study the human philosophy of Confucius, Laotze, &c., quite early—only seven or eight years old. I tried hard to understand all, but of course it was impossible. I have swallowed down only those parts which I could digest quite safely and soundly, and about the other difficult parts I used to ask my father. He always smiled and said, "Don't be in hurry. You will understand them some day—read, read, and read. You shall understand the greater part in your later life." So I used to recite the books and put the "negatives" of every page into my memory, just as the photographer keeps the negative in a box while he is travelling. My father's prophecy has come true. It was not until a few years ago that I have developed those negatives, and even now I have still many undeveloped negatives—such as "The Revelation" of St. John is among them. I am only too thankful that I received the Japanese training, by which I can stock all the undeveloped negatives in my brain, and which I am hoping to develop when the time comes.

Shall I mention a few more contrasts about book-reading between East and West? You Westerners generally read the book silently, because your intention is only to know the meaning of its contents. The Japanese scholars always like to read books loudly, because they want to enjoy their eyes by seeing those complicated picture-like letters, and at the same time to enjoy its euphony through their ears. This habit has become quite instinct to the Japanese. There are many Japanese scholars who prefer reading the English books loudly too.

When I was in the American Missionary School we had the spelling lessons. Our American teachers wanted to train the boys by the ear, as all the Western schools do. But we refused that, and insisted to write the words down on the slates, because we could not remember the spellings unless we saw the letters through our eyes. Even now if I hear people's names or some new words through my ears I can never remember them. Perhaps I am one of the extremity of "basket-ear." "Basket-ear" is a Japanese slang. If you put water into a basket the water will leak through at once and you cannot carry it to any distance. On the other hand, I frankly think we Japanese have far better memory through the eyes than most Western people. I myself have studied the universal maps when I was a mere child, but the memory of a quarter century ago is so vivid, that I can draw them from it now. Or, as I said before, I can see almost every page of the books I read when I was a boy. And it is not difficult for me now to paint the view of Rome, where I was some five years ago. Thus the way the memory enters into our brain differs between the East and West all through our respective training in our earlier life.

Memories alone are quite dead things. No matter how numerous memories one may have, if he has no imaginations he is no more than an encyclopædia. The world may provide a bookshelf for him to live in. That is quite enough. But now let me talk about more lively people who have imagination. Have you really imagination? If so, come to me, and let us enjoy our life in this world.

If the memories are the artist's paints, the imaginations are the colours which the artist makes by mixing the paints. Oh how jolly is he who arranges all his memories into most wonderful colours of imagination!

But here comes in another important element which we call "wisdom." No matter how good may be our memories and how wealthy may be our imaginations, without "wisdom" we are absolutely useless, nay, very often even harmful to the world. It is just like a badly furnished house. And we generally attain the wisdom through our daily experiences, though it depends on the quality of the brain. An ancient Chinese proverb says, "When the first wagon tumbles over, it gives the wisdom to the next one," and there is a popular saying in Japan, "When three people walk in the bushes, the second one shall be bitten by viper." That means the first one will offend the viper and the second one will become its victim, while the third one escapes by his wisdom.

If all the human beings lack the wisdom, they will repeat their stupidities again and again, and this world shall never be improved. Look at all the sciences of to-day. They are the results of the human wisdom which has found out the law of Nature after many experiences from generation after generation.

When the human imagination derails out of the line of the true law of Nature, that is what I call "superstition."

In those primitive days, when "the tops of high mountains touched to the stars," there were many gods, fairies, and ghosts everywhere in this world. That was the human superstition. Thank Heavens, the science has accurately measured the heights of mountains and distances of all the stars. To-day we have no miracles nor ghosts. Even to-day some children or some unsound-minded people often see ghosts. I never heard they saw ghosts in the daylight, because they can see every detail of the true nature. Only in dark night, when their retinas fail to reflect the surrounding things, their *imaginations* begin to derail the law of Nature, through the lack of their knowledge.

It is quite interesting thing to trace the imagination of our primitive forefathers by seeing the pictures of ghosts. One of my villagers was a collector of ghost-pictures. I used to look at them when I was a boy. Some pictures had birds' eyes, tigers' mouth, or long hairs of woman when she unties the hair-dressing, or out-proportioned mouth, &c. &c. Anyhow, they all were the compositions made of the memories which the artists had in their brains.

I may tell you the story of Kikgoro, which my friend Hara told me. Kikgoro was one of the three greatest actors in Japan, who were born in the time of old Japan and survived until a few years ago. His favourite act was to be ghosts. He had such a great imagination, and his "make-ups" as ghosts were most wonderful. One day just before he died, he said to Hara: "Gone is all my pleasures, my dear friend! In my younger days, if I played 'ghost,' the whole house became dead silent, and some women and children used to faint, but to-day all those school-children begin to laugh. I shall never play ghost. It is most discouraging to me. It's all over," and he sighed.

Nowadays I often meet people who are lamenting and say, "The sciences killed all the poetries. We had much more genuine poetries in those ancient days." It is true there were more genuine poetries in our olden times. But this logic is absolutely wrong. The finer the imaginations are, the better are the poetries. That is all. Only if the modern poets get good imaginations, their poetries ought to be genuine, and the genuine poetries can be built upon the solid foundation of the most advanced sciences only if the poets have enough imagination.

Beside those most valuable sciences and logic, there are some things more which form the human memory into the sound imagination—that is, I mean, some sensible religious parables. For instance, read the parables of "Shepherd," "Vineyard," or "Sowing Seeds" in the Bible. Those ignorant shepherds or farmers had little imagination beyond their own belongings. Therefore Christ made the parables with only a few things which were familiar in the memories of the ignorant people, so that they could easily imagine the higher psychology through them. As long as the parables are in accordance of the law of Nature, their merits are very great indeed. But very often the religious parables are failures when they derail the law of Nature, or when the imaginations are too short. The former is, as I said before, the superstition, and the latter is the delusion.

Now I give you some examples. Some Buddhist philosophers—especially among the Burmese or Oceanic Islanders—have such a vast and absurd parable: "The wheel is wheel and not wagon—the shaft is shaft and not wagon. But when the wheels, shafts, and everything are constructed together, we call it 'wagon.' So with the human being. The hand is hand and not human. The foot is foot, the head is head, and so on. But when all these are together, we call it a human being. Therefore you may say there is a being called human, or you may say there is not."

Then all those ignorant followers join in chorus, "Amen, amen!" I ask, "Amen for what?"

First of all, the wagon is a mechanical thing, while we humans have life and our brains are acting. How on earth could they compare the humans with wagons? I call it "too shallow of imagination," and those ignorant followers are simply waxed with the foolish eloquence and drowned in delusion. I sincerely wish all the humans could be a little more sensible than that. To-day I have no time to deal with such fools any longer. So let me now talk about the imaginations acting in the more advanced brains.

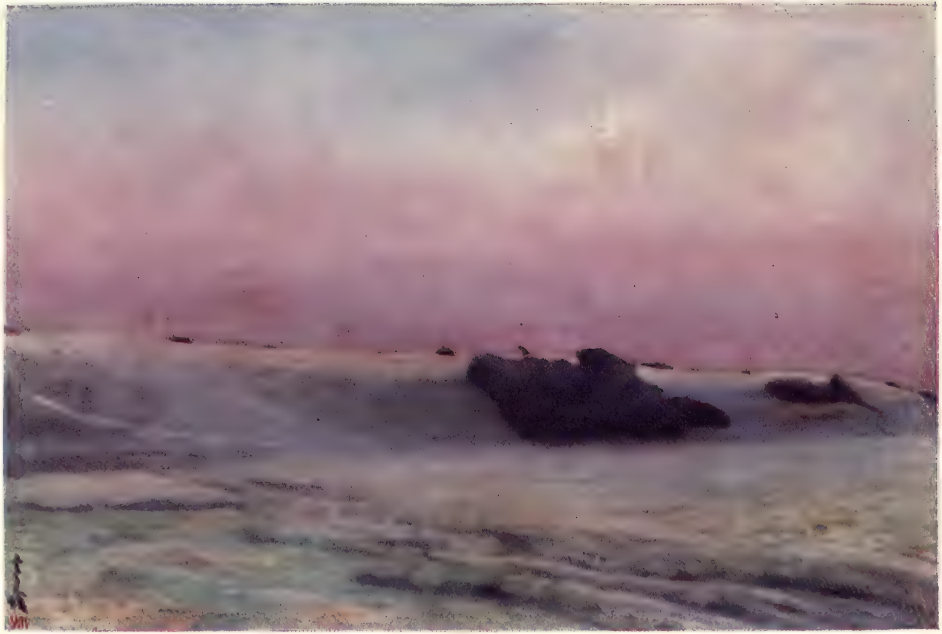
The strength of imagination is wonderful and most uncontrollable thing. You can imagine the histories, geography, astronomy, and, in fact, the whole universe in your few inches square brain, and very often several things at the same moment. For instance, while I am greeting my friends quite cordially, my imagination often flies off to Japan, to the moon, or to arts or psychology. I cannot stop it, that is why I say "uncontrollable."

And if I hear the names of strange places or strange persons, immediately I make the mental pictures of them, and when I meet with them I generally find out my imaginations were not correct, but sometimes the reality and imagination coincides each other precisely. Why? Because the imagination is merely a picture built up by the memory. If I hear the personality of a people, I search out nearly same personality in my memory and make a mental picture from him. Therefore the more memories and experiences, or the power of the logical and scientific classification we have, the truer imagination can we get.

Sometimes the very true imagination comes into a dream. When I was a schoolboy in Japan, one evening I was trying to solve a problem of geometry. I could not succeed before the bedtime has come, so I went to bed. But I solved it in my dream. I got up in the darkness, I have drawn the whole problem on the wall with my finger-nail. On the next morning, when I was awakened, I was surprised with the pain on my finger. The nail was worn out, and it was bleeding, and lo! I saw my drawings on the wall. It was quite correct. Some superstitious people called it "wonderful," but it was nothing wonderful. For that time I had full knowledge of the geometry in my brain. Only it came out in a correct form in the imagination which was active in my dream. On another occasion I dreamed that I have composed a beautiful Chinese poetry. When I was half-awakened next morning I recited it again and again, and I was surprised with its beauty. But when I became quite conscious, I found out it was one of the famous ancient Chinese poetries. In this case the memory itself came out in its form to my dream. That was all.

Perhaps it may interest the reader if I tell you a story I heard from my old schoolteacher, Mr. Iinuma. He was parted from his aunt for some twenty years. One night he dreamed his aunt came to say farewell to him. When he saw her last, she was quite a young and beautiful woman, but in his dream she was very old. Her hairs were much less, and grey; her wrinkled face was almost unrecognisable. A few days later he received the news of her death. He travelled hundreds miles to join her funeral. Strange to say, he found out his dead aunt was exactly like his dream.

Here I give you my key to solve this "strange" question. As he knew his aunt was seriously ill, it was quite natural that he should dream she bid farewell to him. Then about her much changed face, of course his imagination, which acted unconsciously in his dream, coincided with the real portraiture. He had the knowledge of her old age, and also the memory of her young face. These two together acted in the right way, as in the case I told of the geometrical problem in my dream. It was not at all strange. Then there are still many strange stories going on



SALISBURY PLAIN.

in this civilised century, but it is too dangerous to believe every word. Most of those stories come from the delusion of imagination; for we never hear a too strange story from the matter-of-fact people. They always come from rather unsound-minded people. Sometimes people may dream something which they have never seen. Then, when they see things, they say that they were exactly same with their dreams. Let me explain it. When they dream some things, their imaginations are awfully vast. They cannot grasp the shapes definitely, only on the very moment when they see the real things they form that imaginative picture in their dream into a definite shape after the reflection of the real things, and they say it was wonderful. Even Iinuma's story of his dream I doubt a great deal, if he has done in this way. I myself had a same experience quite lately. Last summer I went to Wedhampton and saw Salisbury Plain from there. It looked something like the Roman Campagna; then I looked at it carefully. The more I looked, the more likeness I found out. It seemed to me the height, size, and shape, and even small details were very much alike to each other.

But when I came back to London and looked at my own sketch of the Roman

Campagna, I was surprised to find out it was not so much alike to the Salisbury Plain as I had imagined there. Well, let me explain the reason. My first impression was quite right—that is to say, "something like the Roman Campagna." But as my memory of the Roman Campagna was rather faint and dim while the Salisbury Plain was before my eyes, therefore my imagination was muddled up with what I was seeing and that faint memory was rubbed off. The contrast between the memory and imagination in that case was just like the moon and sun. When the sun rises, the moon loses her light. Only if I did not see the Salisbury Plain at all, my memory of the Roman Campagna might have been clearer and remained truer.

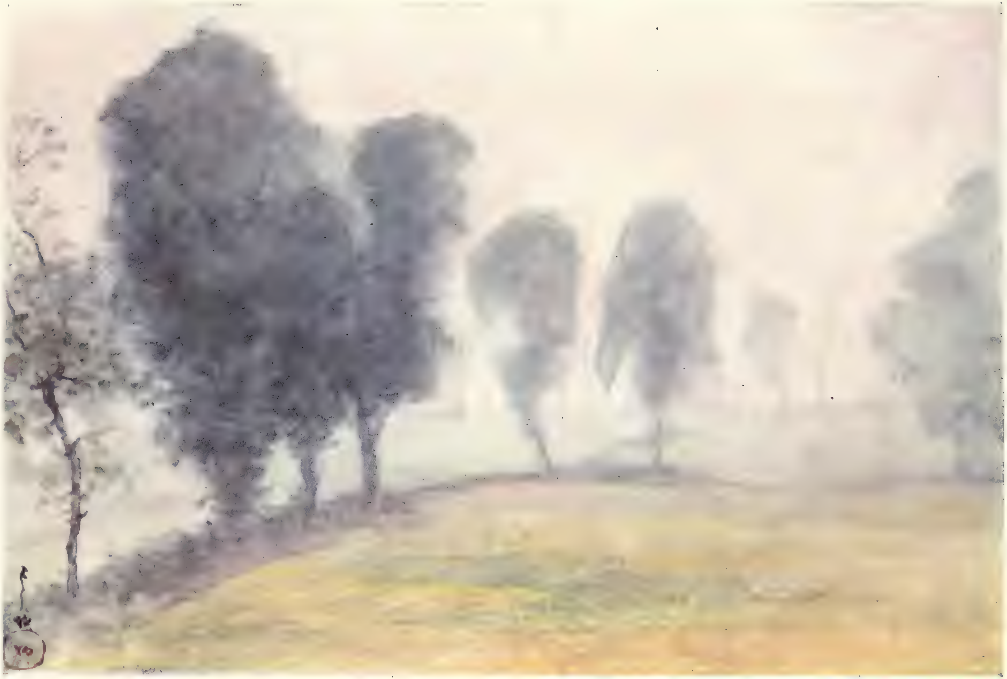
You may test your memory and imagination by reading a new paper from the distance. If you look at a paper which you have never read before, it would be quite unreadable from a little distance; but if you have read it before, you can read it from the twice longer distance. It is only the strength of your memory and imagination and not that of your retinas. I remember when I was merely a child I looked at a book of the Japanese history which my brother had. I wondered how small were the printings. But later on, when I was able to read it, I said to myself, "Oh, the prints are quite large. Why did they look so small to me a few years ago? Was my eyesight getting better?" No, the greatest reason was that when I got the full knowledge of each letter, my imagination helped the strength of my retina. That was all.

Lately I saw in some paper that the children's book should be printed in much larger type. It is very sensible advice, and I must add that not only the children's books, but the books for those labourers, or any people who are not accustomed to read much, should be printed in larger type too. Because as they have so little experience of reading, they see the print more through the strength of their retinas. The more you read the more imagination you can get, and the less you use the strength of your retina. Therefore comparatively small type would not effect on your sight then.

Smelling some special odour or fragrance, or hearing some special tunes, brings out very vivid memory of long ages ago, and the power of imagination in a moment is wonderful. For instance, when I was in Kensal Rise, I have been reading that famous novel *Hakken Den*, by Bakin, while the landlady's daughter was singing "Abide with Me."

Now, when I hear the tune of the same song every time the whole story of that novel comes into my imagination at once. And whenever I smell the odour of chicken farm I always recollect my early life in the grammar-school, because I had to go along a chicken farm which was between my house and the school.

A few years ago I was walking on a country field with one of my friends. He was telling me about the speed of his car, and I was quite earnest to listen to his enthusiastic conversation. Nevertheless, some strong and unexpected imagination struck me so suddenly. I felt I was a little child and my father was carrying me on his back. I asked myself why. At first I could not understand that. But on the next moment I realised it was through some fragrance. I saw the mustard flowers some distance away, and a tender breeze carried their fragrance to my nose. That has cleared out all my question. In my home village there was a large mustard field just beyond the fence of my house, and many dragon-flies used to stop on the mustard flowers after the sun set. The evening dews made the dragon-flies' wings quite wet, and they were unable to fly. My father always carried me on his back to this mustard field



THE MUSTARD FIELD.

and I used to pick up the poor dragon-flies. Now smelling the mustard flowers again (after more than thirty years) all my childhood history came back into my imagination at once, like a flashing!

Here are the translations of some ancient Chinese poetries:

"The young wife never knows her loneliness.
Dressing herself gaily, she promenades on a spring day;
Suddenly she sees the willow-trees on the ferry,
Now she begins to repent that she persuaded her husband to be an officer."

At that time in China they used to give a branch of willow as the token of "good-bye" when they departed from each other, and the meaning of this poetry is that there was a beautiful young woman who persuaded her fiancé to be an officer. Soon after their marriage a civil war was broken out, and the husband was sent to the war. As usual for vain young women, the grass widow thought nothing but her own beauty. She dressed up very gay and had promenade like a peacock. But the willow-trees called back all her memory of her husband's departure, and she began to imagine about him who was fighting.

When To Shin Gen, a patriot of To dynasty (eighth century), was banished to the southern boundary he made a poetry in which he said:

"On this long spring day I loiter in the wood,
And grieve to recollect all the past;
The same flowers and same birds
Make me think of my old home evermore."

. . . .

Here is another poetry by great Li-tah-Po (the same period):

"I see the moonlight from my window.
I doubt if it be the frost on the ground,
I lift up my head to see the moon and mountains;
I droop my head down to think of my own people and home."

The first line is merely descriptive of the reality. The second line shows that his imagination has gone somewhere else, and he doubted the reality in his absent mind. The third line shows he came back again from his imagination to the reality of where he was. In the last line, he let his memories act into imagination again.

I remember my mother used to recite this poetry very often; she told me the poetry was so true. She was quite happy to have married my father, but at the same time she missed her old sweet home, and this poetry gave her such a comfort to recite. Now it is strange, when I recite this poetry, I imagine my own mother as well as Li-tah-Po at the same time. All is the action of my memory and imagination.

I have already discussed in the first part of this chapter about attaining our memories in the different ways according to our customs. But the way we compose our memories into imagination differs, according to the nature and instinct of our brains. We cannot draw a line between the East and West. It is fairer to say the difference of imagination is according to each individual. Poets imagine everything poetically, and artists imagine artistically, and commercials commercially.

There was a large, beautiful rock on the hill just near my home village. I used to love the rock, and a postman agreed with me. "Oh I do love that rock too, my little master!"

I said to him, "Isn't it just like the old Chinese picture?" Whereupon he said, he didn't care whether it looked like a Chinese picture or not, but it was his landmark. When he came under that rock every day, he felt he was quite near to his home and finished his one day's work.

The works of writers and artists are so near to each other, but very often they get a collision through their different imaginations. When I travelled through Italy with my writer friends, we went to Orvieto one day.

From the south side we saw the whole town built on the rock of some hundreds feet high; then we walked round on the left to the old Tuscan tombs. All my friends were so eager to see them. But I myself looked back to the town, and there I made a quick sketch. In the evening I showed my sketch to my friends. They all said that the height of rock seemed to them not quite half as high as it is. I said it was impossible. Although I did not pretend that my sketch was always accurate, certainly I could not make such a great mistake in measurement, after some ten years' experience. My opinion was that all my friends saw the high rock first, and when they reached to the other side they were busy to see the Tuscan tombs and did not observe the rock there, only leaving it to their own imaginations that the rock should be the same height with the south part. But the fact was, the height of the rock was reduced more than half at the north-western part, and I measured it with my own eyes. This was simply the collision between the writers' imagination and artist's memory. However, I could not blame my friends, for I myself have often had the same sort of imagination. Last time when I was in Rome, I had a cab drive to Via Appia, and on the way back to my hotel I was in a great hurry, and asked the cabman to drive as quick as possible. When I came in front of the Therme Caracalla, I saw the dome of St. Peter above the horizon on the left, and when I looked at the right side I noticed the Monte Palatino was standing high. I thought it would be a good composition to paint them together.

On the very next morning I went out there with a sketch block in my arm. I found out the Monte Palatino exactly as I imagined. But where was the dome of St. Peter's? I walked backward and backward. I went on 20 yards and I could not see the dome on the horizon. I proceeded 100 yards, yet no dome on the horizon. After walking backwards more than 200 yards, the dome appeared on the horizon at last, but at that place I could not see the Monte Palatino, which was hidden beyond the trees and houses. As I have already said elsewhere, an artist must settle the imagination plane and fix the focus of his eyes to make the true sketch; and to do that he cannot see more than 60°. But the people outside the artists generally don't fix the focus of their eyes, and therefore their imaginations go round 90°, or even 180° —that is to say, just the back of themselves. Indeed, I often hear the writers demand the artists to make illustrations such as to put the subjects of the opposite directions in one picture!

Some ancient Chinese and Japanese artists have done that very often, and it seems to me that Turner often took the liberty to alter the proportions of the heights of houses and mountains, or the length of the water or bridges, just to strengthen the imagination. About this question I shall discuss in another chapter.

I want to tell the reader now about my experience on the Channel boat when I was coming back from our Italian trip. I had crossed the English Channel seven or eight times before. Generally I took the Folkestone-Boulogne boat, and only once I took the Calais-Dover boat lately. Every time when I arrived at Folkestone, I had always to go to the custom-house. But last time when I took the Dover boat from Calais, the custom-house officer came to the boat to examine our luggage. The question came into my mind at once, viz. "Was this most excellent and convenient system exclusively for the Dover boat and not the Folkestone boat? Or was that quite a new regulation practised on the Folkestone boat as well by this time?" The latter question has been playing in my mind a great deal. Therefore I was expecting to meet some change when I took the Folkestone boat this time. Then a ticket collector came to me and demanded to give him the ticket I bought at Paris. That was usual thing. But he simply took away my ticket and did not exchange with a boat ticket as usual. Then quite naturally I did not ask him anything, neither did I tell that to my friends nor watch how the ticket collector was doing with the other passengers. Our boat arrived at the Folkestone wharf at last. I so innocently tried to land. I was checked by a porter, "Ticket, sir." For the first time I realised that it was not a new regulation, but merely the fault of the ticket collector that he did not give me the boat ticket. I explained it to the porter, but he so stupidly and stubbornly would not listen to me. He called my ticket collector, who swore that he had the "vivid memory" that he has given me the boat ticket. They both so wildly shouted, "We know what you are! Lazy—lazy—that is what you are. We had many gentlemen like you, but now we must practice our rule and demand you to give up your ticket. Search all your pockets!" I said, "Search my pockets for what? You have not given it to me!" Whereupon they have insulted me with every possible vulgar language. Luckily my English friends came back to rescue me to pass on. How very unpleasant it was for me, the reader can imagine. Now let me analyse the brain of the ticket collector. It is needless to say he had not the first-class brain. He was doing his own duty simply mechanically and habitually, and he had too much over-confidence on himself in that way. Of course he had not the brain intellectual enough to recollect his own faults, therefore he put all blame upon me. On the other hand, I took everything other way round and I did not tell the incident to my own friends at the time. Therefore I had no witness to prove my innocence. This was only a trifle incident, and it gave me no damage more than I had lost the good seat in the train. But suppose if it were a quite serious case in the court, the jury might announce that I was guilty.

Such cases often happen in the court, and sometimes innocent people pay their lives for nothing. When I was in San Francisco I witnessed one sad case, in which a quite innocent medical student called Durrant was put into death. Only some three years later a clergyman, the real murderer, confessed his crime in his death-bed. This is only one example. How often the human law has given the damage rather than peace in this world? It is all because some third-class brains have frightfully dim memories, or no memory at all, and their imaginations derail the real facts. When I think of that, I am full of dread about the imperfections of the jury's verdict. I shall discuss this matter more in the chapter of "The Power of Law and the Power of Conscience," in another book.

When my brother's friend, Sergeant Morinami, came to London to see me, he gave me a good advice which I have been practising ever since. That is to say, don't keep everything in your memory, if you can write it down. For instance, such as your everyday's engagements can be put down in your diary book, then you need not remember in your head any longer. If you try to remember everything in your head, that will disturb your brain to do your most important work and duty in this world. When those trifle things are written down, your brain will be quite free, therefore you can be attentive to your important work; your memories will get clearer and your imaginations will get quite sane. That is only the resource to make you a great man.

We may well divide the human brain into

three classes by testing their memory and imagination.

The first-class brain—one who can imagine the ocean by seeing a glass of water.

The second-class brain—one who, after seeing the ocean actually, realises that the ocean is only the multiplication of that water in a glass.

The third-class brain—one who forgets the ocean while he is seeing the water in a glass, and forgets the water in a glass when he is seeing the ocean.

The quality of imagination depends on memory. If you have good memory of the houses and streets, &c., between your house and mine you can well imagine the accurate distance between them, otherwise your imagination of this distance may be wrong —either too near or too far. I often hear people say, "Oh, was that ten years ago? I feel it was only yesterday." Because they have lost their memory of how many hours they have slept, and how many hours they have spent for working, playing, &c. &c. When the artist paints a picture faithfully from the nature it always shows the true distance, and when the writer writes a true history it always gives the length of time. But merely imaginative pictures and imaginative novels often lack the distance of place and time. They all become flat, because their imaginations are not genuine. These poor-class artists and writers need to study more from the models of the real nature.

So with other professions. Good memory and sound imagination would make a musician into a composer and an engineer into an inventor.

Therefore once more I advise the forthcoming youths to be diligent to get memory and imagination in their brains. The empty houses with the board "To let" are not nice things even to look at.

CHAPTER VI

MY THOUGHTS ABOUT THE DRAMA IN JAPAN AND IN ENGLAND

Two or three friends of mine in Japan have joined in sending me the Japanese drama books from time to time since last two years. Now I believe I have collected almost all the famous dramas in Japan. It has been my habit to read them when I was laid in my ill-bed, and whenever I read these dramas I am always struck with all sorts of sentiment.

In my very early age while I was in Japan, I often went to the theatres. But I was too young to understand those complicated dramas. Only I used to pick up a few dialogues here and there, which I can still remember and recite. Now, reading the whole pieces of those dramas, I can seize their full constructions, which contain many familiar verses to my ears. It is one of my greatest pleasures to let my recollections go back more than twenty years ago and understand the plays thoroughly at last. Sometimes I feel I can see those actors' expressions and movements and hear their voices clearly. However, let me now not only be in such a dreaming pleasure, but step forward to criticise those dramas in Japan.

When the dramatists had splendid historical materials they could display their fluent verses upon our beautiful Bushido and the deepest taste in humanity. Now let me quote a few parts.

THE TRANSLATION FROM "GOSHO-ZAKURA HORI-KAWA YOUCHI"—THE SCENE OF THE HOUSE OF GŌEMON.

The Scene. The little cottage of Sabro Ise who, under an assumed name, Gōemon, is doing the surgical treatment to support his dying mother, with his wife.

Many patients called on him and they all had Gōemon's service, such as washing the wounds, and bandaging, &c. &c. And now they are all gone. Sabro Ise peeping into his mother's room whispers to his wife—'Mother is honourably sleeping fast and all the patients are gone. We are quite alone now. So tell me once more that story you told me last night. If that was true the murderer of my father is not our honourable Lord Yoshitsune, o, how glad I am! For I can fulfil my duty of vengeance[1] without any difficulty.

"But who was the assassin then? Could you not find out any clue to the assassin from your conversations with Suruga?" (one of the subjects of Yoshitsune).

The Wife. No, nothing whatever! Suruga has identified all the victims with whom our honourable Lord Yoshitsune had a fight thirteen years ago. Your father was not in that list. That was all what I learnt from him!

Sabro Ise. How very unfortunate am I, not to be able to find my father's enemy. It is just like to grasp the cloud. Now shall I be able to find . . . .

[*A* STRANGER *comes to the door. He is a tall and handsome Samurai.*

The Stranger. Is the famous surgeon Gōemon in?

[*The* WIFE *goes to the door.*

The Wife. Yes, my lord. Fortunately my husband is at home.

The STRANGER *enters.*

The Stranger. Ah, you are Dr. Gōemon? Under some circumstance I cannot disclose my own name to you. But will you be good enough to have your surgical treatment upon the wound I received last night?

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[1] At that time in Japan it was our national law that the children of the murdered man should take revenge on the murderer.

Sabro Ise. It is my intention, especially at this warsome time, to cure everybody—enemies as well as my kinsmen—therefore you need not tell me your name. Now let me see your wounds.

The Stranger. Thanks for your honourable chivalry.

[*He undresses his left shoulder.* SABRO ISE *examines the wound.*

Sabro Ise. Um! The wound is very slight. But it was done with a very blunt sword. You must feel a great pain. Never mind, my lord, it will be cured quite soon. Nyobo (the equivalent to the English "dear," to call the wife), bring up all the instruments and some plaster. Oh, I see another old wound just an inch underneath! This is different from the new wound! Evidently it was cut deeply with a superior sword. You must have suffered very much.

The Stranger. Ah, about that old wound, I suffered very much because I was a Ronin (a fugitive) at that time, and I could not afford to get the treatment of any professional surgeon.

Sabro Ise. How have you received such a wound then? If you were a Ronin, perhaps you have committed some crime. Were you a robber? or a thief? or a murderer?

The Stranger. Well, Doctor, it is rather an awkward predicament for me to be asked so many questions. I feel I should tell you the truth all about that wound now.

It was about thirteen years ago when the red flags of the tyrannical Taira families were waving flourishingly all over the country. They banished my honourable master to the eastern boundary and confiscated all the lands which belonged to us. Then I myself alone went up to Kioto (the Metropolis) to detect the movement of the Tairas. It was just the Spring-blossom season and Munemori, the inheritor of the autocratic Taira, was going to have the most luxurious picnic with his favourite woman, Yuya. I thought it was a splendid chance to assassinate him. I hid myself in that gloomy bamboo bush of Rokuhara to await his return journey. Then there was a man. I thought he must be a detective sent by that suspicious Taira families. So I attacked him with my sword at once. He was a good fighter and he attacked me too. Now you see this wound is what I received from his sword. However, I killed him without much difficulty. But afterwards

I found him to be an old man over sixty, and there were a bow and arrows beside him. Alas! I recognised that he too was my own kinsman, the survivor of the Minamotos (the White Flag family), who went there for the exactly same purpose with me, to assassinate Munemori.

I wept! I lamented! And I grieved, but it was too late. Then hundreds of the Taira's guards were marching toward me with their brilliant red lanterns. I knew it would give a great difficulty to me if I and that dead corpse were found out by them. Therefore I dragged the corpse in a great haste and put it near the Gojo bridge where I heard some one was fighting. Quite lately I heard that the fighter was our honourable Lord Yoshitsune. But of course I did not know that then, and I did it only for the temporary device.

Now everything is changed. The tyrannical Taira families have been annihilated and our glorious White Flags are governing all over the country. I have no one to be afraid of. However, the world is always too curious. Therefore I pray thee not to tell this story to anybody else.

Sabro Ise. Rest assured, my lord, I shall not repeat it to anybody. But what is your name, anyhow?

The Stranger. My name is Sho-shun Tosabo.

[SABRO ISE *draws his sword at once.*

Sabro Ise. Sho-shun Tosabo, you shall not escape from my sword. You are my father's enemy.

[SABRO ISE *strikes Tosabo with his sword which the latter parries with his sheathed sword in his haste.*

Tosabo. Pray don't be so rash! Was that poor old man your own father then? How very sad to hear that! And your name?

Sabro Ise. Well, I tell you my real name is Sabro Ise, one of the most loyal subjects of our illustrious Lord Yoshitsune, and the old man you killed was my father, the Hon. Toshimori Ise. . . .

Tosabo. Just wait! Let me see! I know the Ises are the most important and aristocratic family, and why should you lead such a poor life like this? I do not understand. I doubt you are an impostor!

Sabro Ise. Impostor? Nay, I am not. According to your own information now, when you killed my father I was far away in Suruga district. My wife sent me the grave news and I hurried myself to Kioto at once. Then I was told there was a great fighting near the Gojo bridge and many people were killed by a stranger, and my father's dead body was among those corpses. That was all, and there was no clue about the stranger. Year after year has passed away in the utter mystery about that fighting, and then the war was declared between the Minamoto and Taira families. I, as the most loyal subject, joined to our honourable Lord Yoshitsune and fought all the battles to the end. The world knows how I did my duty for the Minamoto families. But when we came back triumphant, the honourable Lord Yoshitsune told me one evening that that stranger-fighter at the Gojo bridge was his lordship's self. I thought then my father's enemy was my honourable master. If I wanted to be filial to my father and revenge, I should be disloyal to my own master to fight with him. I was in such an awkward position. Therefore I bid farewell to my hon. lord. I wanted to pass all my life in a monastery. Alas! then my old mother became seriously ill.

This is why I am now leading such a life, as I know a little of the surgical treatment, in order to support my invalid mother and my wife.

It was only last night that my wife informed me the murderer of my father was someone else, and not my hon. Lord Yoshitsune, and I was just grieving because I could not find out the real enemy of my father. Ah, this is the Heaven's help to meet you here now.

Prepare yourself for the duel!

Tosabo. Ise; wait! Wait a few moments. I have something to tell you. I thoroughly sympathise with your sad life. Indeed, I wish I could fulfil your intention at once, but there is the most important matter which reluctantly prevents your proposal of duel. Keep your sword in the sheath while I am speaking to you. Lately our illustrious Shogun Yoritomo got an unreasonable suspicion upon his hon. brother Yoshitsune as a conspirator, and gave the mission to his favourite subject Kajiwara to inspect the matter. In fact, as you know how spiteful is Kajiwara, it was he who communicated with our rival Tairas and planned to betray our White Flag and so cunningly accused the Shogun's innocent brother. The matter was so serious. Therefore I, Tosabo, begged the Shogun to let me accompany Kajiwara for this mission. As I have anticipated, Kajiwara sent a detective to the Horikawa Palace to steal his signed agreement with the Taira families. But I disguised myself and went to the Palace before his detective arrived there, and I got possession of this agreement to present it to our Lord Yoshitsune. And pray look at my wound, which I received when I performed this mission.

Now it is easy for me to give my life to you, but pray listen to me seriously. If I did now, who else could save our hon. Yoshitsune from the suspicion of the Shogun? Therefore I humbly beg your mercy upon me until I finish my important mission.

[TOSABO *kneels down before* SABRO ISE *and begs his mercy with tears.*

Sabro Ise. No, no. As long as we did not know each other, it could not be helped. But as it is clear that you are my father's assassinator, I cannot forgive you for a minute. Now duel, duel, duel with you, Tosabo!

Tosabo. That is too piteous, my hon. Ise. If I want to fulfil my own intention alone, I may kill you in our duel, but that is not my ethic. Oh, honourable Madame, the matter stands as you hear. Will you honourably be the arbitrator between us two? For I, Tosabo, faithfully promise you that I shall come back when I finish my important duty between the hon. Shogun and his hon. brother.

The Wife of Ise. Whatever may be, such a noble Samurai like the hon. Tosabo Sama will not fail in his own words. My hon. husband shall listen to him.

Sabro Ise. This is not the place for the woman. You shall keep yourself silent. Now, Tosabo, whether you will kill me or I kill you, all depends upon the Heaven's will. Speak no more, but duel, duel . . .

A voice from the next room. Wait, my son Sabro, wait.

[*The invalid mother with the pale face like the earth comes out with her feeble and trembling feet, and the wife assists her to sit down. The invalid mother speaks with difficulty.*

Are you the hon. Sho-shun Tosabo who assassinated my husband? You are a splendid Samurai. I have heard all your stories in my sick-bed, and I thoroughly understand your great anxiety about the unfortunate trouble of our illustrious Shogun and his hon. brother. Pray be at ease. Now, Sabro, you have always been a very sensible son, but why are you so rash to-day? Or are you thinking that the human life is always so uncertain and you may miss the chance to fulfil your duty to duel with him? It all depends upon the person. It won't be more than two or three months before the hon. Tosabo finishes his important mission, and I, your own mother, guarantee his life until then.

Sabro Ise. Well, my hon. mother, I should like to obey you and say, yes. But I can not. About the hon. Tosabo's life I have no fear to wait even three or five years. But, mother, you yourself who guarantee his life, are not in safety. Nay, your serious illness cannot be guaranteed even three days now. And what was the cause of your illness? All because this fellow killed my father, the husband to you. You have been deeply grieving over this matter for last thirteen years, and I, too, had to abandon my hon. Lord Yoshitsune, thinking he was our enemy. Mother, your anxiety was piled ten-fold by that, and the result is your present serious illness, and I could not look after you enough through my poor fugitive life. This is all through that man Tosabo. How could I forgive him? I want to revenge on him at once and see your hon. smile in happiness.

Nyobo (my dear wife), you honourably

accompany mother to her bed. Now, Tosabo, duel, duel! Don't make any more excuse; don't be coward now!

The Mother. Sabro, my son, if you have the duel with the hon. Tosabo now, you are not only disobedient to your mother, but you could not be filial to your dead father, either.

Sabro Ise. Why, mother, why?

The Mother. Why, my son, you remember the tale of your father. One evening while he was a fugitive he went to that bamboo bush in order to attack the tyrannical Tairas and he came back no more. Now the hon. Tosabo's story coincides in every detail. Both your father who was killed by Tosabo and Tosabo who killed your father, tried their best for the sake of our Minamoto families. Only it was the unfortunate accident after all. I feel you need not revenge on him. But this is the question beyond the woman's concern. However, why you could not be filial to your parents if you have the duel with the hon. Tosabo, is too simple to explain. If the hon. Tosabo dies now who else beside him could save both the Shogun and his brother, to whom you ought to be most loyal? Would the spirit of your father be pleased if you killed the hon. Tosabo now? The Samurai is different from those merchants or farmers. To be filial to his parents is not only his duty, but he ought to be loyal to the Shogun.

Oh, my hon. Sho-shun Tosabo, how shameful is my son! You who forget yourself for the sake of the Shogun and kneel down before my son, may see the stupidity of my son. Oh, what right has he got to shout, "Duel, duel" to such a noble Samurai like you!

Now, Sabro, my son, I shall not stop your duel any longer. But if you raise your sword against him, I, your own mother, will die first under your dishonourable sword. Only if I died yesterday, I would not see such a shameful conduct of my son now.

[SABRO ISE *repents, and throws himself under his mother's feet.*

Sabro Ise. I humbly beseech your generous forgiveness. For I was thinking nothing else but to fulfil my duty of revenge upon my father while you are still in this world, and I have quite forgotten my greater duty to our illustrious Shogun.

Tosabo, as you hear, I decide to wait everything until you finish your noble duty to the Shogun.

Tosabo. Oh, how very grateful I am to you! This is all through the noble kindness of your hon. mother. How could I thank her ladyship? Oh yes, here is something.

[TOSABO *takes out a parchment from his pocket and puts it before the mother.*

Tosabo. This is the parchment in which Kajiwara signed his name for the agreement with the Taira families. As I told the hon. Sabro Ise, I have secured it at the Palace last night.

The Mother. What could be the better present than this? This parchment itself would save all the trouble of our hon. Lord Yoshitsune, and it would be the greatest honour for my son to present it to our Lord Yoshitsune. I heartily thank you, my most noble and thoughtful Tosabo. Until this serious matter of the Shogun is quite settled, you and my son will be the great friends and fulfil your duty to the Shogun. If I have life in this world longer, I will meet you again. But, my hon. Tosabo, you will not stay in such a place like this any longer, or else you may get suspicion from that spiteful Kajiwara. Go, go now, my noble Samurai!

Tosabo. Oh how thoughtful is your ladyship!

[*The invalid mother with the wife's assistance goes to her bedroom and* SABRO ISE *sees* TOSABO *to the door.*

Sabro Ise. The world often has the unexpected climates, and the humans often have the unexpected illness, too. Be careful for your own health, and always let me know about yourself.

Tosabo. Ah, don't worry yourself. I shall be most careful of my life, which belongs to you. When everything is over, we shall have a splendid duel.

Sabro Ise. How glad I am to hear that! Sayonara, then.

Tosabo. Sayonara.

[*They part, and* SABRO *comes back to his seat. His wife comes out from the next room.*

The Wife. Our mother is dead.

. . . . . .

Perhaps such as *Forty-seven Ronins, Taihei Ki* are the good examples of the masterpieces, but there is more than one translation into English published in Japan, so I omit them now.

Here is one good example of the Japanese dramas which the Westerners may get amazed at for its socialistic spirit.

The scene of the execution of the famous robber GOEMON ISHIKAWA[1] *and his pet-child*

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[1] In Japanese characters the name Goemon in this drama has quite different meaning from Gōemon of the preceding quotation. But the English translation makes the spelling alike.

GOROICHI, *who was twelve years old. The robber and his young son were to be boiled to death in a large pot on the fire.*

The two executors HAYANO *and* IWAKI *take their seats near the dreadful executing pot. Plenty of the wood is thrown into the fire underneath the pot.*

The prison warder brings GOEMON *and his little boy.* HAYANO *loosens the ropes from the prisoners.*

Hayano. Listen, Goemon, as you have not yet confessed, you shall have to go through this most dreadful punishment the world has ever had. If you love your child and if you feel sorry for him, why would you not confess and tell us the names of your robber companions and their whereabouts? It is the Government's duty to extinguish all the robbers in the country. Just think of that.

Goemon. It is quite so, my hon. officer. And you may honourably think I am heartless towards my dear little boy if I don't confess. But robbers in the country are just like mice in the house. Do you think you can ever extinguish all of them? If you make only fifty or sixty companions of mine into the prisoners, that will not help the whole matter whatever. The best help for the nation is only to let them be careful themselves. It is their own negligence that gives the chance for the robbers to steal. I, Goemon, have the farewell poetry for you:

The day may come when you can extract all the pebbles in Ishikawa,[1]
Yet the seeds of robbers shall remain in this world for ever.

This is my last word. And it is useless to question me any more.

Iwaki, the other executor. But, Goemon, your own agony as well as your little boy's may afflict many others related to you.

[*Here* IWAKI *looks towards the gate where* GOEMON'S *parents and wife are weeping.* IWAKI *droops his head and sobs, and suddenly he raises his voice:*

Be more thoughtful and confess everything in order to meet a lighter punishment.

Goemon. Oh how foolish is your hon. demand! We, all the robbers, promised so faithfully in the beginning that we should not leak the news even to our own families. Now how could I break my words to them? Even if I confessed, my dear boy's life shall not be spared. When I decide to do the wickedness I must perform it all through to the end. Whether should I be boiled in the oil or burnt in the fire, that would not make me coward enough to betray all my companions. Now, my dear son, your agony could not be more than half an hour. You are my son. Don't lose your self-possession. Just think as if it were a bad nightmare. . . .

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[1] Ishikawa is the surname of Goemon, and its meaning is "the river of stones."

. . . . . .

[*Here some tragedy happens with* GOEMON'S *parents and his wife, who came to the gate to rescue the prisoner. The oil in the large pot is boiled and the volume of smoke comes out.*

The two Executors. The time is up! It is ready for the execution.

Goemon. My hesitation for any longer might make you imagine it is my cowardness.

[*He takes his boy in his arms and jumps into the boiling oil.*

This brave behaviour makes the executors and everybody most astonished and they all cover their eyes with their hands. For they all believed that Goemon would make the confession at the last moment and everything would be ended without seeing this dreadful scene.

Here I may add that there is one scene before this act, that Goemon was prisoned and brought to the Shogun. The Shogun calls Goemon "the worst man in the world." Where upon Goemon makes an argument against the Shogun: "You are the robber of the whole country, and I am only the robber of a few tyrannical rich people; you have committed the greatest robbery for your selfishness, but I have done mine for helping the poor by scattering all the money to them. You have killed many innocent souls in the battles for your own pleasure, but I have killed only those tyrannical autocrats who did not deserve to inherit such fortunes. Now tell me which of us is the worst man in the world?"

There has been the question among some English people whether is there any Japanese drama in which the Japanese subjects rebelled against the Mikado. I give you the most positive answer that there are more than one. *Ono-no-Michikaze Aoyagi-Suzuri* and *Imose-Yama Fujyo-no-Niwa-Oshiye* are two good specimens. In the former drama Tachibana-no-Hayanari banishes the Mikado and calls himself the Emperor Hayanari, and he tries to assassinate the real Mikado, which he fails to do. In the latter drama Soga-no-Iruka does the same thing with the same result. They both are the splendid dramas and very popular too. I am glad to say we are too advanced in the taste of the dramas to mix up our real life and the dramas altogether.

These dramas which I have partially quoted must be counted as the specimens of our masterpieces. But among others, though so-called masterpieces, I have found many, quite disappointing.

Before going any further on criticism, I must mention my own peculiar position where I am standing to-day. When I was a little lad I was brought up by the pure Bushido-education of my parents. Certainly that education has become as my unmoveable instinct. At the same time I came out to America first, then to England, while I was half-grown. Since then I have been always inhaling the Western atmosphere for my nourishment both mentally as well as physically. Thus I have received the Western reforming influence quite unconsciously. To-day my idea is neither pure Japanese nor pure English. I have attained the medium sense between the East and West. From the judgement of this medium sense of mine it is difficult for me to accept many Japanese dramas into my heart.

However, it would be unfair if one should so narrow-mindedly despise all the dramas which did not suit to his own taste. If the drama is genuine in its own way, we must recognise it as the masterpiece.

In Japan, we call the human life "Michi," or "the road." Indeed our daily life is just like to walk on the road. Some roads are made straight and comfortable, while the others are bent and dangerous. It is all depending upon each nation's custom. If we find out any unconveniences on the road, we must repair it, but until then we have to walk round that awkward road. There is no other way. Now then to repair the road is the duty of the politicians and not of the dramatists. On the contrary, the dramatist can often take advantage of bad roads to bring out a vivacious sketch of our daily life.

Some time ago, my fellow-compatriot K. Tokutomi published a novel called *Hototogisu*. (It was named *Namiko* in the English translation.) In this excellent novel he has described the present Japanese life so truthfully. It was an immense success in Japan. But when it was translated into English (or American, rather) many American reviewers attacked it strongly "because it was so unnatural about the mother-in-law."

Well, well, well, it must be "unnatural" to the American idea, but it is only too true to the Japanese. For the Japanese have quite a different life-road from the Americans. Besides, the author so thoughtfully has written a preface in which he explained the present

Japanese social life in detail. Most hopeless fools were those American reviewers who made such rash criticism without careful study upon the Japanese life, or at least without reading the preface. Only if those reviewers had attacked the Japanese life itself, I would agree with them. But, certainly, it was not the fault of the writer, nay, it was his great triumph.

Now, when I read the Japanese dramas with my "medium sense" they appear to me as that novel *Namiko* appeared to the Americans. However, let me study them carefully and discuss how far I should reckon as the dramatist's triumph and how much to count as their failure through their inferior brains.

It must be remembered that at the time of the great dramatist Monzaemon Chikamatsu and his pupils, Japan was gravely degenerating under the over-cautious government of the Tokugawa Shogunate. The nation's "life-road" was in bad state. Even now some dangerous parts of our "life-road" are not repaired yet. Consequently most disastrous immoralities have been befalling upon us. When I was in Paris, I stayed at my French friend's flat. Her husband went to Japan. He wrote to his wife that all his Japanese servants and neighbours seemed to him "Spies and detectives." I could not contradict that very strongly, for many of them are too curious, too inquisitive, and too suspicious. Now, reading the Japanese dramas, I find out this "detective-like" spirit has had too much effect upon almost all plays. Even that famous *Forty-seven Ronin* is covered with that spirit. To some certain degree I must of course admit it was the triumph of the dramatists to carry out skilfully the national habits at the time upon the stage. But there are many plays which are founded entirely upon that trick. In some plays, the servants turn out to be the lords, and pedlars throw off their rags and turn out to be the princes in the uniform, &c. &c. They are no longer the serious dramas, but the poor performances of some inferior jugglers. Then there are too many suicides. No matter what it may be, men commit Hara-kiri and women stab the daggers to their throats immediately. They always say "they die for the sake of their honourable lords." Of course it is true that Japanese have been very loyal to their own masters and ready to die. But at the same time, we have saying that "to live is more difficult than to die, and it is our greatest loyalty to perform this difficulty to live for our masters."

But Bakin, the great novelist, was far more successful in his famous novel called *Hakkenden.* In this novel eight subjects performed most difficult tasks, to save their own lives and serve for their Lord Satomi. Chikamatsu's pupils, nay sometimes even Chikamatsu himself, seem to my mind that they have not quite understood Bushido. In their plays many commit suicide, while the real history says those people did not kill themselves. Some play has no less than six or seven suicides in one act. Suicide in wholesale is simply sickening. And still more, it is most disgusting to observe that many plays are adopted to each other without reflection.

Another conspicuous resource of these inferior Japanese dramas is always about either lifelong parting or the departure by death between the parents and children. Japanese are very much attached to their children. Whenever the dramatists took the advantage of this weakness, they would succeed to win the auditors' hearts.

If an artist painted Madonna and the Holy Infant, the Christians would kneel down before the picture, and if he painted Buddha all the Buddhists would bow down before it. But that is not the merit of art. So with the dramatist! How cunning, how lazy, and how very lukewarm to their own profession were those dramatists who laboured for nothing but to introduce the weakness between the parents and children. I cannot help to underrate these inferior intentions. Of course there are the exceptions in several genuine masterpieces. For instance, *Honcho Nijiu-shi-Ko* (the twenty-four filialities in our country) has such a poetic scene. The herald from the Shogun comes to the house of a supposed-to-be-traitor called Takeda. The Shogun demands of him the head of his young son Katsuyori. Takeda was out and the wife begs the herald to wait a little while, and by delaying she hopes to find out some excuse to save the son. The sympathetic herald goes to the garden and pulls out the vine of a Morning Glory with many blossoms, and puts them in a flower vase, saying that he will wait until the Morning Glories should wither. (The Japanese Morning Glory withers as soon as it is cut from the root.) The mother is in a great grief, but to the surprise of everybody the flowers never wither, because the herald had pulled out the roots together. This scene resembles so much with Shakespeare's *King John*. When the gaoler was ordered to blind Arthur with the red-hot poker, he found out the poker was cooled and there was no fire to make it hot again. And what a strange coincidence that Katsuyori and Arthur both killed themselves afterwards!

However, talking generally, those too-much detective-like spirits, too many suicides, and the departure of the parents and children in most Japanese dramas do not suit my taste. May I add another objection of mine? The dramatists in Japan as well as in the Western country have a certain tendency to show the cause and result too close to each other. That is to say, the good one gets good result and bad one gets bad result too quickly. (I see this fault more among the ancient Japanese dramatists, because they were too much intoxicated with the doctrines of Buddha and Confucius.) Open your eyes and observe this world carefully. You will find out the world is not always in that way. I must reckon this kind of fault as the inferior brains of the dramatists who have not power enough to see through the Truth of the world, and they go on applying their shallow emotion in their own way.

What is the genuine drama anyhow? It is to accurately outline the truth of the human life.

And surely Love is one of the best materials for the drama. Because it is common to all the nations in the world and is the same in any epoch! For we humans as well as all the other living things in this world are growing by the biological problem, and however may our ideas and customs be changing, Love, the foundation of Biology, shall never cease. It is the everlasting fountain springing out from our inner hearts. Japan has had quite many love-dramas. Some of them are very good, but they were often crippled through that religious condemnation. (The Buddhism condemns the romantic love as a sin.) Here I must mention one thing which seems almost paradox. Although those Buddhist dramatists always encouraged the filial piety to the parents and despised the romantic love, they believed, on the other hand, that, according to the "Buddha's doctrine," the ties between the parents and children last only in this world while the tie between the man and wife would continue into the future world. When a couple falls in love they always say, "we must have been man and wife in our last life," and when they are dying, they say they shall be united in the next world.

Certainly Love is much more developed in England, the free-marriage country. But even in this free-marriage country I often meet the people in some certain Religious sects, who condemn the love as much as those Buddhists, and they refuse to see the dramas. They simply ignore the essence of Love. These people are just like the dead trees which shall never have blossoms! On the other hand, there are quite many who mix up the sacred love with the dirty passion, and they go on to the extreme vulgarity.

When I had a discussion about this matter with my Japanese friend Wakayama, he said, "People often call those vulgar human beings 'animals.' But that is too much insulting word against the other animals. For the animals never violate their natures as some humans do!" How true was he! About a few weeks ago a very cultured lady, modestly signing herself "a John Bulless," wrote me a long interesting letter, in which she said, "The English stage often introduces the wine and women as the evils, all because the man cannot see the beast in himself. Is wine an enemy? Ah, no, unless he makes it so. Is woman an enemy? Ah! no, a friend, if he be not a beast, and a monster of selfishness and ingratitude. There are many things which make the heart to ache. . . ." This may be a good hint to some modern dramatists.

It must be remembered that our life is

something like the plants'. Some plants have very tiny stalks with a few leaves upon the ground, but, who knows, they often have large strong roots under the surface! It is often the case that some dramatists observe only the outward appearance of this world and do not dig the ground deeply enough, consequently their dramas are too shallow. When my thoughts come to this point, I cannot help without looking upon Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist. He has observed this world deeply. There are leaves, flowers, fruits, as well as trunks and roots in his plays. And notwithstanding that the woman's position was different at his time, he has already seen the women thoroughly. He did not think of the wine and woman as the evils. Most advanced women of to-day can accept his dramas without "aching their hearts." Such as *Merchant of Venice* or *Merry Wives of Windsor* are good specimens for love, humour, tragedy and all.

Nowadays such plays about the questions of socialism and religions are getting very popular—especially among the young students. Some of them are very cleverly written indeed. But they have not much value as the dramas. Do you ask me why? Look at some plays! There are Imperialists, Socialists, Anarchists, Roman Catholics, Protestants, or free-thinkers. They have discussions upon each point of their own views without much action, which would give the chance to the actors to display their abilities. These sort of discussions can be written in a magazine article or in a book-form. I dare say they would interest the public and do good in that way. But certainly they are unnecessary to be brought upon the stage. Nothing but discussion after discussion on the stage is simply boring to the true playgoer. They are just as bad as those Japanese dramas with too many suicides and too many departings between parents and children.

Why are many youths so mad about those discussion-dramas nowadays? Simply because the nations are awaking from the old political and religious ideas. Every individual can no longer bear to be under the old yoke. Yet, there are still many wild bulls who would give (or are actually giving) the public trouble when the old-style yokes are taken off from them. And the youths are generally very keen on those questions. That is all, and those young auditors could not be the true playgoers after all. I tell you, whichever way the political and religious question may be settled, surely this excitement will become "an old story" some day quite soon—I dare say in our own lifetime. And the "cleverness" of those poor dramas shall be laughed over as the old "idiot."

I remember when Japan was just going to open her first parliament some twenty years ago, ever so many new novels and dramas about the political questions were born in a year or two. Any books, any plays which contained the words "Liberalism," "Constitutional," or "Democracy" were most warmly welcomed by the young Japanese students. But to-day most of those plays are entirely forgotten (except some which have the real value of the drama), and to the great satisfaction of the true playgoers, the public have begun to go back to our old Chikamatsu of two hundred years ago for their appetite of the genuine drama. Indeed, I was astonished to notice that those drama books by Chikamatsu and his pupils are in their 16th or 17th edition within only two or three years' time.

The dramas with no other foundation than the political fever are just like the woman's fashions. Everybody is absolutely mad on the latest fashion, but who cares to look at the fashion papers of the last year?

Nobody would ever get tired to go to the National Gallery and see those portraits.

Because no matter how old may be the fashions, those persons inside the dresses have dignity, and they are painted by the great masters.

If you are a portrait artist you may paint any fashion as you like, but you must not forget to paint out the real personality with your skilful brush. If you are a dramatist, you may write the political or religious questions as you like, but you must not forget the essence of the true humanity which will be immortalised for ever.

If you want to know the taste of orange, you must peel it and bite the real fruit inside. Only licking the surface of its peel is not at all the right way. Perhaps there are many people who have tasted the real fruit of the human nature, yet they fail to show that taste to the others. Shakespear of England and Chikamatsu of Japan have so successfully shown this taste upon the stage.

Shakespear was deeply philosophical, while Chikamatsu gave us the essence of the human nature. Therefore, the former's work is a Bible for us to learn, and the latter's work is a lesson for us to study.

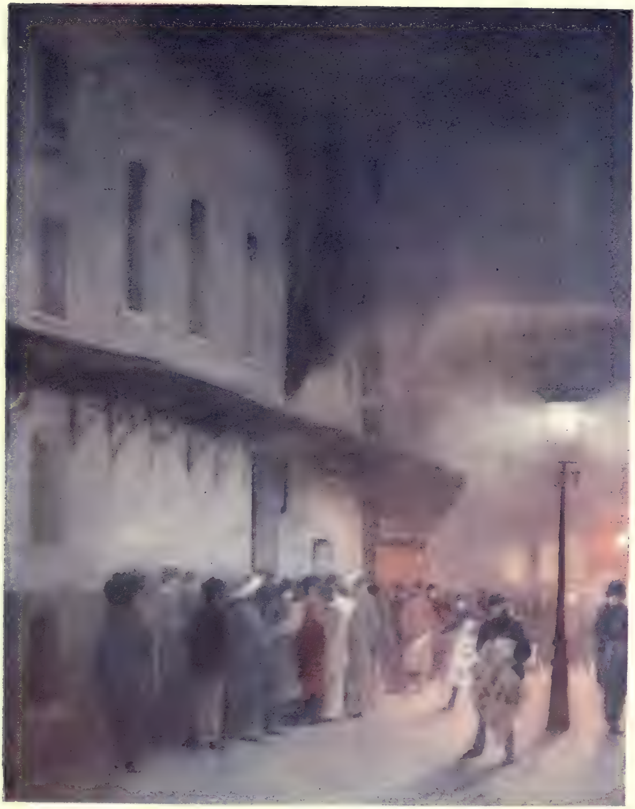
Now about the actors and actresses, I must say their triumph ought to be absolutely independent from that of the dramatists—that is to say, the genuine actors can perform their arts successfully in a poor drama and at the same time the genuine dramas can not give poor actors the reputation. However, if the drama itself is shallow it cannot give much variance to the different actors. They all come nearly same to each other, and if the drama is great, every actor acts differently. All because, as I have said before, the great dramatists give the chance to the actors to act, and the actors can show their art freer. You can see this more in Shakespear or Chikamatsu than any others.

I think Japanese actors are having better time than the English actors. For the play-goers' point of view is different between two countries. I often hear the English people say, "O, I am tired and feel dull. Let's go to the theatre to-night." They go to the theatre for refreshing. The Japanese would say, "O, I don't feel well enough to go to the theatre to-day." They go to the theatre as their hard work all day, and they have the tendency to prefer seeing the same play over and over again than to see new plays, for they can criticise the same acts by the different actors.

I must say some English people in pits and galleries are hard workers. Certainly it is not merely pleasure-seeking for them to stand three, five, or even ten hours at the entrance. And they are generally keener critics on the acts. To me the pits are the best seats in the theatre. The distance is more comfortable than the stalls which are too near the stage. By the way, we had a small theatre in my village, and I remember those corners where the English "boxes" stand were prepared as seats for the police to watch the auditors. No earnest playgoers in Japan would go to such awkward seats, where you cannot see almost half of the stage!

Before concluding this article, I want to say a little about the Stage Sceneries. People often say the English sceneries are reality while those of Japanese are conventional. Of course those sceneries for "No" acts in Japan are most essential convention, of which I shall write some other time. Now about those sceneries for the ordinary Japanese dramas I must say they are primitive and not conventional. For they are meant to be real. Only the lack of the scientific luxuries failed to bring them out as they were meant to be.

When I was in Japan there was not a single artist who could paint the stage sceneries in the Western style. All were in the old Japanese style. "Hills" were painted with



THE PIT ENTRANCE OF THE NEW THEATRE.

the black ink on yellow papers. "Trees" were made from sticks and poles on which the real leaves and branches were nailed. The Silver paper pasted on a round wood and hanged in the air was supposed to be the moon. Old playgoers were quite contented with them, but young students began to be unsatisfied. Now I hear they are introducing the sceneries of the Western style by Japanese artists. But I have little confidence in them at present. You may still remember that Anglo-Japanese Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush! O, how hideous and how disgusting were those panoramic views of "the four seasons in Japan" done by some Japanese artists. They were the very worst parts of that Exhibition. If the artists could not paint any better, I rather wished they had done it in that primitive style.

It is almost useless to say the English stage sceneries are far progressed in the reality. And above all, you have the advantage of introducing the expert electricians. Such as Prof. Reinhardt's productions are the great triumph of its art. However, I am not always satisfied with the English stage sceneries. Sometimes they are vulgar rather than real, and sometimes they are hideous beyond words. Here I have no space to give you my criticism on each scenery I have seen. But one thing I must mention, that is about the utter ignorance of the astronomy on the English stage. Sometimes I see the curve of the crescent in the opposite way. And O, those "stars"! The scenery painters put them profusely and indiscriminately and make them twinkle too much altogether. You may paint the pebbles on the sea-shore, in any way as you like. But the stars should be in order according to the Astronomy. Even the school children know where should be the prominent stars such as the Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, polar star, or the Great Bear. I don't understand how the English playgoers could bear such ridiculous sceneries. I myself always get quite sick of them. It is the unforgivable fault, and far worse than to make mistake on such as architectures or engineers. For we are dwelling under only one sky. To me, those Astronomical errors are just as absurd as to see portraits with two mouths, three noses, or one eye. If you call that "Reality" I rather go back to those primitive Japanese sceneries which are far more comfortable to my eye.

CHAPTER VII

THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST AND OTHERS

As everybody expresses his or her emotion with the words, so the artists express their emotions with the colours and shapes on the paper. If an artist dyes the paper or canvas with the colours just as the nature appears to him, without any emotion or idea, it would be too mechanical altogether. There would be no feeling and no life in his picture. It is something like a guide-book. If the guide-book does not belong to the literature, surely such pictures can not be called "art." I think the artist should look at the nature carefully and digest it in his head and heart, and paint out his emotion—which he gets from the nature. From this point of view some impressionists are far advanced.

Nowadays everybody is asking each other, what does he think of the Futurists or Post-Impressionists? I myself was asked this question for many a time. My answer is here.

First of all, we must investigate the personalities of the artists. Are they sincere or insincere? And if sincere, are they sane or insane?

To define these questions we need the knowledge of the judges who judge the difficult cases in the Courts. We cannot always rely upon the words of the artists only. We need our own Wisdom and Sympathy to satisfy our own judgment. Now let me classify those so-called "Impressionists" into five—viz. "Humbug, Degenerate, Lunatic, Eccentric, and Genius." As our human era is advancing, the population is getting thicker and thicker every day, consequently our daily life cannot be as easy as that of our ancestors. Then those who have poor ethics are getting as sly as foxes. They have not enough time and money to study hard and succeed, yet they don't want to be starved. Therefore they begin to speculate by creating the sensations among the feeble-minded people, and earn the "fame" and fortune. These sort of people cannot be sincere whatever they do. They are what we call "humbugs," and when these humbugs come into the garden of artists, they consume all the fertile ground and destroy all delicate and beautiful flowers as the wild weeds do. If the flower gardens are ruined by the wild weeds, we must not blame the weeds only, because it is the fault of the gardeners who have not taken off the weeds. If the garden of artists is ruined by those humbugs, whom shall I blame? Indeed it is the fault of the public who admit the humbugs as "artists." It is most surprising thing to me that some expert art critics welcome those humbugs, though I know they have the wisdom enough to judge whether they are humbugs or not. I reluctantly lament how easily some people get into the delusion.

My father told me a story when I was a boy. Once upon a time there was a country fellow who visited Tokio (it was Yedo then). He stood on the Yeitai Bridge (our London Bridge), and he was wondering about its grandeur. Some Yedo cockneys asked him what he was looking at. If he told the truth, they would laugh at him, saying he was "countryfolk." So he created a story and said, "Oh, I saw some strange monster appear on the water-surface there, and then sink into the water. I want to see him again." He was in a great hurry to see his friends on the other side, so he went away. After about two hours, he came back to the same spot and, to his amazement, he saw hundreds of people were watching the water from the bridge. He asked them what was the matter. Someone said he saw the head of a sea serpent and another said he saw the tail of a sea serpent. The country fellow sighed, and said, "Ah, I am only an ignorant country boy, but how easily could I make a sensation among the smartest town folks!" To-day when I see many Londoners are moved by the humbugs, I cannot help recollecting that story of my father's. However I myself shall not deal with my pen anything about those unworthy humbugs. I only condemn the delusion of the public.

Next comes the Degenerate. This is rather pitiful and pathetic case. Through their weak mind, and through their undeveloped brain, some ambitious art students become semi-insincere, and through their ignorance that they cannot find out their own faults, some art students become semi-fool.

The semi-insincere student *says* he has expressed his emotion on his picture and the semi-fool *thinks* he has.

Such genuine artists like Mr. Sargent or Sir Hubert Herkomer can catch the real likeness of any portraiture. They can express their emotion exactly as they want. But I often hear the complaining words that they have not caught the likeness. In this case, I must say their point of view is different from that of yours.

Now then, if I have painted your portrait, I know I could not show my impression exactly as I feel. For I am not a portrait painter by any means. But suppose if I were insincere and told you a lie saying that your face looked to me exactly as I painted it. That would be the end of everything.

Even in my favourite subject of the London mists, I must sincerely confess you that I could very seldom succeed to carry out my emotion quite satisfactorily, through the lack of my skill.

"Does London look to you just as you paint?" I am often asked. I always say, "Not exactly."

But there are many students whose works are in the same stage as mine and yet they say everything looks to them exactly as they paint. This is what I call "semi-insincere." By saying this I do not mean to be hard on those artists. I know it is very difficult task to denounce one's self, for the surrounding temptations are often too great, but after all one always needs some courage to be sincere.

More disastrous case is that some art students are quite contented and they cannot see their faults until somebody else points them out. I myself have been in this stage so often. Fortunately I have many sincere artist or art-critic friends who always search out my faults which I could not see myself. But there are many who are quite contented in their poor arts. This is what I call "semi-fool." Now I put my question to the so-called Impressionists, "Are they really not semi-insincere or semi-fool?"

I shall then say a few words about the Lunatics—(sometimes utterly-hopeless and ignorant). When I was a schoolboy in Japan one of my class-mates was a colour-blind. We had to learn the physical geography. The maps showed the heights of mountains and depth of seas by the different tones of colour. He could not distinguish purple from the deep red and greens from blues. I cut my own map into pieces and put the deep red upon the purple and the pieces of green upon the blue. He said in desperation, "I don't see the difference at all." The doctor announced that he was a hopeless colour-blind.

Now suppose he became an artist! What extraordinary pictures he would make! He would be neither humbug nor degenerate. Although I fully guarantee his sincerity, he could not be entitled a sound artist. I often wondered if some so-called Impressionists are like him.

Lately I met with some great art-critic whom I am worshipping. The topic of our conversation turned to some of those so-called Impressionists. He told me a doctor—the specialist for the brain—was his great friend. This doctor has had many experiences with the lunatic people, and he found out that some lunatics suffer in some certain parts of the brain. Then everything looks to them in the straight lines or cubic shapes.

This statement so well coincides with certain pictures by "Impressionists." This is most pitiful and grievous case. I feel a great sympathy with them. I sincerely wish that the medical professionals could cure them by all means, and I earnestly ask the medical professionals—are they quite safe and do not infect to other sound brain people? In fact, once I saw some Impressionists' work and gazing at it for a few minutes, I felt as if I myself was getting lunatic, so I ran away from the picture. I believe this kind of lunacy is existing not only among artists, but in everywhere—especially among so-called "earnest Religious" people. And about them, I have more questions—Are those Religious sects the congregations of the same kind of lunacy by mere chance? Or has some lunatic influence enough to lead the sane people into lunacy?

If a case belongs to the latter question, we, the sane people, ought to take all the precautions and it is most serious and urgent matter. We must not be unkind to them, but we ought to treat them in the proper way to treat the lunatics.

Now let me deal with the "eccentrics." Some people call them "lunatic," but this is, of course, wrong. I give you here my different definitions of the "lunatic" and "eccentric."

"Lunatic" is one whose brain is partially or entirely deranged.

"Eccentric" is one whose one or more parts of brain are extremely developed while the other parts are absolutely neglected. Would you throw away a whole nut because its shell is not eatable? The eccentrics often have most delicious ability, which we cannot throw away because they are funny in other ways. Indeed whatever they may be, if they have one part of the brain extremely developed, they are more delightful than those whose whole brain is dull and too ordinary.

Once upon a time there was a poet-artist called Tei-Han-Kio in China. While he was young he used to draw very fine and finished-up pictures. But later on he began to draw most extraordinary things and the people at his time looked upon him as a lunatic. I witnessed some of his works and came to the conclusion that he was not a lunatic. His brush-handling was most skilful, and in his whole picture there was wonderfully poetic and highly æsthetic feeling. In Japan, too, there have been many artists in that way. I may mention one of them. His name was Tai-Otsu. He lived near my village in the middle of the last century. He was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese Classics. His nature was that of an innocent child and he was a great lamenter of this "sly" and "wicked" world. Therefore when he took his brush on the paper, lo! his work was awfully artless. He would draw a few round dots and say they were meant to be the rocks, and a large curving line which he meant to be a hill in distance and so on. They look like a schoolboy's work at the first one glance. But if you study his work carefully you can see there are undeniably skilful handlings and delightfully poetic feelings, just like that of Tei-Han-Kio.

Just a few years ago, I went to Grafton Gallery and witnessed the works by Manet and I saw somewhat the same feeling in them, too. I must count these artists as the eccentrics, and I welcome them in a way. But the eccentric is independent and absolutely unimitable by the others.

If one imitates them, he is no longer an eccentric, but perhaps becomes Humbug or Degenerate or at least unnatural, for by imitating the other's peculiarity, he loses his own personality. Whether one is a real eccentric or impostor, is the difficult question to solve without that judicial wisdom, as I said before. It is exactly same to ask one's faith in the religion. They all say they have faith, but only those who have the real faith can be happy. Therefore I tell you, be sincere for your own happiness' sake, and about the very vague opinions of the public you need not pay much attention.

Nowadays, I often meet the young art students. They say they love the primitive arts. So do I very much, too. But no sooner you begin to imitate them, than I shall condemn you. It is most delightful to see the babies biting on the rubber of their milk-bottle. But you cannot do that when you are grown up. Remember you are well grown mentally as well as materially in this civilised century. And I am sure you cannot be as happy as the real baby by biting the rubber of the milk-bottle. I should be much more delighted to see you drinking the Scotch and soda in the Pub.

Between the Eccentric and the real genius there is practically no definite boundary line, just like the dermis and epidermis of the human skin. The dermis is dermis and the epidermis is epidermis, but some day dermis becomes epidermis; and the eccentrics can become genius if they try to develop the other part of the brain a little more. Lately I have met a very hopeful young Russian artist. He has wonderful capacity to do anything he likes. But he is very enthusiastic. He said very excitedly, "Oh, I don't care a scrap for the drawing, only I want to get that feeling of Life in my picture!" My answer to him is this—"Of course you have a very good aim." Life in the picture is most important. It is all very well to say "feeling, feeling," as long as you are an amateur, but if you want to be a professional artist, you must take care of the technical parts as well.

I have a very intimate English friend who has a cottage in country. His wife always welcomes me for the dinner with her own cooking dishes. Sometimes the things are ill-cooked. But I enjoy her dinners more than Carlton's or Ritz', because she gives "life" in her dinner, which is called "hearty-welcome." But if I go to some elaborated restaurant and pay good price for the dishes, I expect everything well cooked. If not I should complain about them. So with the arts. If an amateur painted a picture for love, I would be thoroughly delighted with its "life" and "feeling" alone. But when one announces himself an artist and demands a high price, I naturally expect his picture to be completed in all the technical points—such as anatomy, perspective, brush handling and so on. My young artist friend is now standing on the line between the eccentric and genius. He is still quite young. He has time enough to go through all the technical studies in his life. Will he become a genius some day? I sincerely hope so. But in case he is quite overcome with that "life" only and neglects the other parts, he shall die as an eccentric.

The Nature is more complicated and more intricate than it seems to you. If you take a brush to try to paint, you will see. For instance look at those foliages of the trees. The beginners have no clear brain to observe all details and generally they have no patience.

Therefore they put all sorts of colours quite randomly in their desperation, and so vainly and foolishly they hope it would look like trees. I myself had this experience. When I went to the "Cast" class first time in my life, I had to draw the head of Augustus. I drew the face first. Then I came to its hairs. It had so many curls. I wanted so impatiently to finish it up all in a few minutes. I tried to suggest them in tone. It never looked like the original cast in my vague suggestion. I came back to my conscience. I found out that I should measure every curl most carefully and draw each of them accurately, I tell you there are many lazy and impatient students who are struggling to paint most complicated subject merely by their vague suggestions. I call them "rotten." But, on the other hand, there are wonderful artists who can observe every detail and can draw any subject, and they so skilfully simplify the complicated subject into a few strokes of the brush. This is what I call "genius." The former is just like a man who fires his gun without aiming at any goal in the dark night. If he shoots some game, it is simply by accident. He does not deserve any praise whatever. The latter is just like a man who aims at a certain goal with all his full knowledge in every respect. If he shoots a goal it is because he is a good marksman, and even if he misses the goal we have to pay much respectfulness towards him.

Here is a key for the non-artist spectators to judge whether the picture is rotten or genius. Go away some distance from the picture or close your eyes narrowly and look at it. No matter how rough or confused the brush marks may look, if it is genius the whole subject will jump out and give you the feeling of life so vividly. But if you don't see anything at all by trying to look at it in every way, I must say it is rotten. There are many so-called "Impressionists" who put their brushes quite meaninglessly and they themselves don't know what they are painting, and then they want the spectators to make something out of it. This is what I call the greatest crime in the world, but here comes a very important question. That is to say, the spectators urgently need the training of their own eyes. If their eyes are not trained, they often mistake the works of genius as "rotten" merely by their ignorance.

The other day I met with someone who said to me, "Whether the present post-impressionists or Futurists are completed or not, I don't know. But surely they will establish quite a new school, for it is one of the arts to express the mental impressions in that way." I answered him—"It is quite so." For instance, to represent the personality of an individual, it is not quite necessary to paint his face. You may well show his or her feeling by drawing a few lines or putting some colours on the paper, as the musicians can express the human nature by some tunes, and if you succeed in it, it is more satisfactory than to paint the likeness of his or her face quite photographically, which often loses the true life. In China and Japan we have had that kind of art for a long time. First of all look at the ancient Chinese Odes. They had three styles, "Fu" (narrative), "He" (comparative), and "Kio"—we have no English word for the latter. It is the mental impression as it casually happens to be at the moment. Now I shall give you some examples.

"The plums are falling on the ground,
  I see seven still on the tree.
He who loves me may come to me this very moment.

The plums are falling on the ground,
  I see only three on the tree.
He who loves me should be here by this time."

This was the poetry by a girl who was waiting for her fiancé. She was evidently quite absentminded, as lovers always are. Suddenly she came into her sense, and at the very moment, she noticed the plums falling on the ground. She began to count how many plums were still on the tree. They were falling more and more every minute. In her heart, she thought nothing, but was impatiently waiting her lover.

Here is another example.

"Two swallows are flying,
They are waving their wings.
Now this child must go back;
I am sending her off to the field.
I can see her no more.
My tears are falling like the rain.

Two swallows are flying,
They are chasing each other.
Now this child must go back;
I am sending her off to the distance.
I can see her no more.
I stand for a time and grieve.

Two swallows are flying,
Up and down they make euphony with their voices.
Now this child must go back;
I am sending her far off to the South.
I can see her no more.
That makes my heart broken."

This poetry is made by a woman whose friend was divorced by her husband. The poet was seeing her friend off to her home. In the first verse the poet sees a couple of swallows in the sky. It is merely her momentary impression, just happening to her observation. But from the second verse she begins to compare those swallows with her unlucky friend. She meant this—"Look at those happy swallows who are wooing each other while my friend is to be sent home." In the third verse she observes the euphony of the two swallows, and it makes her heart broken to think that her friend is not so lucky as the swallows. These are only the easiest examples. Some of the odes may not be understood by the Westerners, unless they have the real Oriental mind. However, thus the Ancient Chinese poets succeeded and won our hearts by the most plucky and abrupt, yet most vivid momentary impressions. In Japan too we have this sort of Impressionism among the poets. A Shogun asked Baseo, one of the greatest poets, if he could express his emotion about the famous eight views on the Lake Biwa with his seventeen syllable poetry. The name of the eight views alone would become far more than seventeen syllables. But to the great surprise of the Shogun, Baseo replied to him at once—

"Shichi Kei wa Kiri ni kakurete
Mio no Kane."

"The seven views being hidden in the evening mist,
Only the sound of the bell of Mio temple I hear."

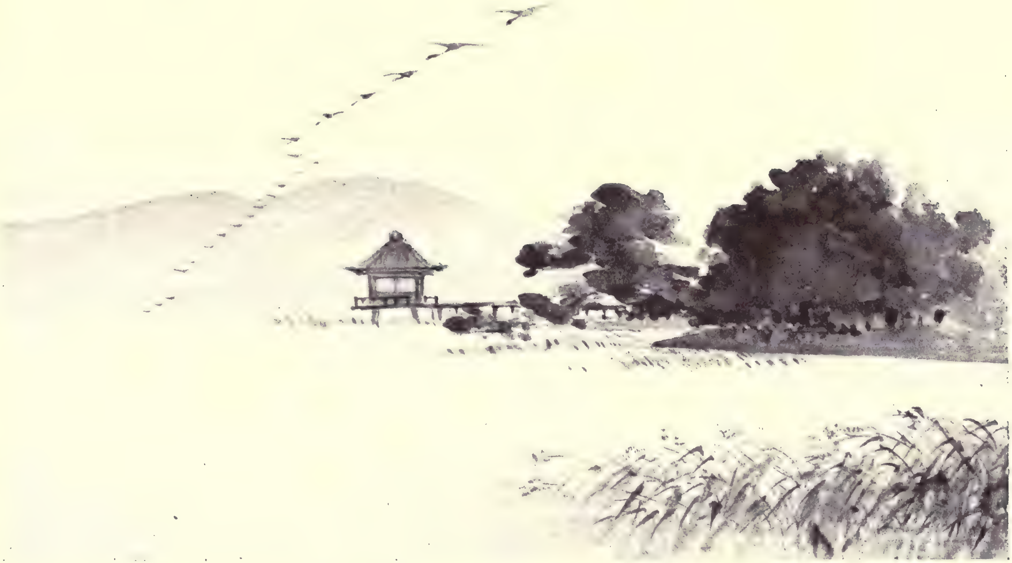
Once upon a time a mother lost her idolised boy and she expressed her grief in a seventeen syllable poetry, thus—

> "O, my butterfly-chaser,
> How far are you gone to-day, I wonder!"

As I said in Chapter IV, if one finds out the centre of gravity of his emotion he can lift up his deep emotion with a few words. And why could the real genuine Impressionist not do the same with his brush? I remember when I was a boy, my father had a picture. It was entitled *The Field of Saga.*

Saga has some very pathetic legend. The Emperor Takakura was deeply in love with a beautiful woman called Kogo. But the Prime Minister Kiyomori wanted to make his own daughter as the Empress, so that he could become the grandfather of the future Emperor. He treated poor Kogo very badly, and one moonlight night in Autumn she ran away to the field of Saga, where she passed a very sad and pathetic life.

Now that picture called *Saga* had no figure of Kogo, nor even her cottage nor her grave. Only a few Autumn meadow flowers were painted with a few strokes of the brush. Such common flowers we can see everywhere, and not only in *Saga.* I doubt even whether the artist has seen those flowers in *Saga.*



ONE OF THE EIGHT VIEWS ON THE LAKE BIWA.

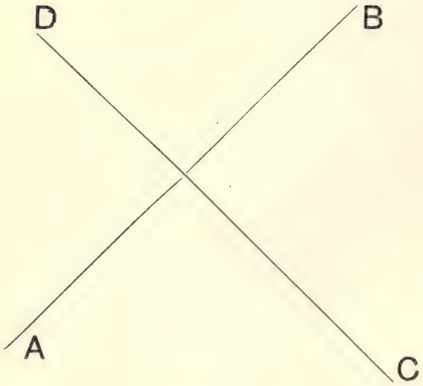
Most probably it was only his imagination. But, strange to say, whenever I saw that picture, it made me recollect the whole history of Kogo, and I often wept over the picture. And why? Well, I believe the artist must have recollected that history, and was deeply struck by his emotion in such a way as this:

"Alas! The autumn has gone and the autumn has come back again and again. In these many years, even her bones are transformed into the earth. Now we see nothing but the same meadow flowers growing there every autumn. Perchance these flowers were there when poor Kogo visited here. She must have seen them through her tears. Those simple flowers must have looked very sad to her (the simpleness of the nature is just like the mirror which reflects every feeling of the spectators). Oh, these flowers must have looked to her like this and like that."

Thus the artist gave each stroke of his brush with his emotion as if he were Kogo. Therefore a few strokes of his brush gave the most wonderful inspiration into my childish mind. But here comes my theory. That is to say, "wisdom" and "sympathy" are needed to see such Impression pictures. How ever the artist was moved by his emotion, if I myself had not the knowledge of history and my sympathy, that picture would be absolutely zero to me.

Suppose you, who don't know our history, saw that picture, what could you make out of it? There are so many of this kind of art in Japan, and only when the artists and spectators both have knowledge and sympathy to each other can they appreciate it. Therefore, I say some Impression pictures need the training of the eye and heart of the spectator. Without this training, the spectator should not denounce the Impression picture so rashly and impatiently. But the spectator often has higher ideas than the artist. In this case, the artist cannot expect to move the spectator's heart with his poor picture.

Here is a diagram:



Suppose the artist's idea is growing from A to B and the spectator's idea from C to D. If one of them is too high or too low, they shall never meet and agree to each other. The geometrical problem tells you that when the two lines are inclined, there is only one point, E, where they meet, and which is called "intersection point." When the artist and spectator come to this point they understand each other thoroughly. It is just like the love affair. Too beautiful, too clever, and too thoughtful girl won't match you. She is to you as bad as one who is too inferior for you. How important is the intersection point for our life!

Now I want to tell you something. In Japan and China we have a special school called "Bunjin Nan ga," or the southern school of poetic art. Perhaps this school is the most Impressionism. When I was a boy I learnt this school. My teacher said to me, "If you want to paint out the reality you had better learn the Western art, or photography." (He said this very scornfully.) "Our aim in the art is that of æsthetic and poetic feeling which conveys our emotion to you most truthfully." They go purposely far away from the reality in order to get their feeling. The artists of this school especially are enjoying something which very few Westerners can understand. That is their brush-handling. It must be remembered that in Japan and China we draw our letters with the brush, and there is the infinite taste and pleasure in that art. Mostly all the Oriental pictures have the essence in that brush-handling art.

This is the main reason why most Westerners pay so little attention to the pictures of Sessiu, one of the greatest artists in Japan. The average Westerners don't see his most wonderful, delightful, and powerful brush-handlings, which are pearls to us the Japanese, as well as to the Chinese. That famous picture, *An Azalea Tree by a Brook* (which was exhibited at Shepherd's Bush, 1910), by Korin, is a good specimen of the brush-handling as well as the momentary impression. Now quite aside of the wonderful display of the brushes, these Oriental pictures are really genuine impressions, and I call them "Emotional Impressionism," or "Subjective Impressionism," and I think Corot and Turner belong to this art too.

In the West you have another kind of Impressionist which has never existed in the East. The Oriental artists even have never dreamed of it. It is that of scientific one—such as to analyse the grey tone into dots of many pure colours, or getting all scientific knowledge upon the reflection of the light, the phenomenon of the perspective and so on. It is entirely objective. I am equally interested in this art, and I call it "Scientific Impressionism" or "Objective Impressionism."

Whether "emotional" or "scientific," it is all the same. As long as the art is neither insincere nor lunatic, I heartily welcome it as "genius." Even if the artist has not quite succeeded yet, I admire his righteous aim, and I sincerely wish his progress.

Though the primitive arts are delightful, you, the grown-up artists, ought not to imitate that childish ignorance. Though those religious subjects, such as Buddhas, Madonnas, in the medieval age are amiable, you cannot imitate them without that faith which your forefathers had. It is unwise to look backward to the olden ages, and make any imitation of them. To-day the duty of artists is to be sincere to their own nature and paint out their real emotion with their full sympathy and wisdom. That is only the resource to produce the genuine masterpieces of our present era.

I always say "that was one era and this is another era." Though they may be most delicious, the breakfast dishes cannot be served on the dinner-table.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HUMAN INSINCERITY

WHEN I had a tour in Italy with my English friends, one day we were in Todi—and we visited a large farm, for we were told there was an old historical church. My friends were busy inquiring about it to the occupants of the farm. I myself could neither understand the Italian language nor be interested with the church. I got quite bored, so I began to walk round the yard. There were many geese. I said to them, "Ah, you and I both are ignorant of the Italian as well as the church, my good friends, let us play together!" I took out some bread in my hand and proceeded toward them. The geese stretched their large wings and, half-flying and half-running, they made dreadful noises. A dog under the chain in the other corner began to bark at me. A cat made her size twice bigger with her straightened fur, and spat on me.

"Here, here!" I said, "why are you all so unkind to me? Why do you ever treat me as a burglar? I am your friend. Can't you see your food in my hand?" They made still louder noises. It was absolutely hopeless. So I left the place.

Wild animals in the wild field can be wild. It is their nature. But why should the tamed domestic animals have to treat me like that? Nay: it is not only the domestic animals, but even the humans often do the same. And why? I can answer this question with one word—"suspicious." Yes, they ought to get suspicious if they are treated wrongfully by some humans.

It is all through the *Human Insincerity.* I always call it "The Mental Leprosy." For so great and dreadful is its harm.

People often say, "It is safer to be cautious." Certainly it is. But when one is too much over-cautious and thinks he is very clever, he himself often becomes the victim of this mental leprosy or Insincerity. Hark what Sō-shū said!

Sō-shū was a great philosopher at the same period with Confucius and Laotze. The King Yi heard of his cleverness and sent a herald with plenty of money and invited him to be the grand chancellor.

Sō-shū laughed at the herald and said, "Yes, these moneys are valuable and the

Grand Chancellor is very high rank. But have you not seen the bull for the sacred "sacrifice"? He is fed very luxuriously and clad in the gold brocade. And then, listen, when the time comes he is led to the sacred altar. At this moment, if he wished to be a dirty pig, which has a free life, how could it be possible? Go away at once. Don't desecrate me any longer!"[1]

You know I get sick of it, when I read this. What a great difference there was between Sō-shū and Confucius, who had gone through every possible difficulty with his sheer sincerity in order to rescue this world!

Shi San was a faithful follower of Confucius. One day he saw a half-dying fish. He asked his servant to save that fish. The servant cooked it and ate it. Then he went back to his master and said, "I put that poor fish into the pond. First it began to breathe the water, and move a little. Gradually it got so active, it swam forward and backward, then it dived into the deep water." Shi San was very pleased. "O, I am glad. My poor fish's life was saved!" The servant told everybody that his master Shi San was only a fool. Mencius heard this story and said, "The Sage can be deceived by the insincere and artful human. Being deceived by his common servant, I found out Shi San was a real sage."

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[1] Perhaps it will amuse the English public to point out that on those days (more than 2000 years ago) in China, the Conservatives were always sincere and amiable, but many of them were very impracticable and very often they were dull and stupid, while the Radicals were generally very clever and sometimes too sharp. They had some acid tongue and made all sorts of false accusations about their opponents, and many of them were great liars.

Perhaps Judas of Iscariot might have thought he was awfully clever to have sold his Master. But to-day I don't see a single church built in the name of Judas Iscariot!

I think Treacherousness is the worst form of the Mental Leprosy. There are many hopeless cases of this disease, such as those who really enjoy to give harm to their neighbours either intentionally or thoughtlessly, or make the scandals and foundless gossips as their utmost pleasures.

To-day it is not at all my intention to talk about these people. But Ō-yō-shū, the great free-thinker in Sō Dynasty of China, has written an eloquent essay under the title "Hating the Blue Flies." Just for your amusement I translate it here—

"O you Blue Flies, Blue Flies! I pity your miserable life. You have neither the poisonous stings of the wasp nor the sharp bite of the mosquito.

"Luckily you make not the people to be afraid of you, but then why would you not make us to be fond of you? Your size is very small, and your ambition, too, is very small indeed.

"Just to lick the bottom of the already used cups or saucers is all what you want. But how very unbearable you are to us! O, why should you fly about all day long, as if you are not always quite satisfied.

"Chasing after the smelling of foods, you are flying about everywhere, and in a few moments you gather together hundreds in crowds! Who has ever told you to do so? Though it is a very little that you are doing, the damage is great indeed.[1]

"In a long hot summer day, we feel so tired and so exhausted. We lay down ourselves. We can hardly move our limbs. We shut our eyes and we want just a little nap. Then you come to disturb us. I ask what for you do that? Have we ever done anything wrong to you?

"You climb up our heads, you walk about on our faces. You go into our sleeves. Sometimes you gather on our eyebrows and sometimes you run along our eyelids. Just when we go asleep you always awaken us. Our hands feel too tired to drive you away!

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[1] For if the fly licks our food once, we hate to touch the whole food any more.

"In such a time, how could Confucius meet Shū-kō? Or how could Sō-Shi get on with the butterfly?" (Confucius said he was pleased to dream of that ancient sage Shū-Kō, and Sō-Shi has written a philosophical novel in which he said he dreamed the butterfly as a human soul.)

"Or sometimes we prepare all the nice refreshments in a large summer-house in order to enjoy a day with our friends. Then you come in crowds.

"You drown yourselves in the wine-cups, or you scorch yourselves into death in the hot fish dishes. You never repent even when you die! Why should you be so greedy as to risk your own lives? And we, of course, have to postpone all our enjoyment too.

"Or sometimes we make pickles or preserved food for the future enjoyment. But you come into them by all means. And if we try to keep our nice dishes in a well-made cover to avoid your attack, there are you already. How, from where and when, I don't know.

"And there you lay millions of eggs which turn up the disgusting worms in a few hours.

"Ah, now I see, now I understand why the ancient poets always compared you with those insincere little men. How very like you both are!"

In Japan, we call those insincere little men "May Flies." Readers, have you not any "May flies" around you? If you have not, you are very lucky.

Now let us put those mayflies quite aside and bother of them no longer. But there are many pitiful invalids infected by the mental leprosy. I really feel very sorry for them.

One of my friends has a canine terrier called "Jock." Jock is a delightful dog and he is very loyal to his mistress, but he has such a hopeless nature to fight with other dogs.

I have often witnessed that when my friend takes Jock to a walk and he sees some other dog in distance, Jock would dash off in spite of his mistress's call. He seems as if he is saying "I know I am wicked, but just let me have one bite." Then he comes back with his tail coiled as the sign of his apology.

Now are there not many humans like our Jock?

Everybody hates the human insincerity. It is the fact that there are many people repenting every day and yet they are repeating the same insincerity every day. And after all, they cannot be perfectly happy as long as they are suffering this dreadful mental Leprosy. Why could we not cure them?

Now let me search out the very source of this disease. It is very simple. Firstly, *Selfishness*, which covers almost all other causes. Secondly, *Jealousy* (which always makes one to lose all other good senses). And then *Revengefulness*, *narrow-mindedness*, and the *temper* (I have often observed when one is told of his own faults, he immediately loses his temper and commits terrible Insincerity).

You ask the phrenologist. He will tell you that everyone of us has those selfishness, jealousy, temper, &c. &c., in our brain. If you haven't any of them you must be a deformed. Only the wise men always take balances with the other departments of their brain, while the little men neglect that. You know the colour is annulled by its opposite colour. For instance if the picture is too yellow I cover it with its opposite colour—purple. Then I get a delightful tone. So with the human brains. Generosity for Selfishness. Patience for temper, &c. &c., all of which you must have in your brain.

Chū-Yō (the Confucian Doctrine) says, "While our emotions such as Joy, Sorrow, and Anger are not in activity, we call it

Medium. When our emotions get in a good balance we call it Euphony. *Medium* is our backbone and *Euphony* is the way of our life." Then again Confucius said, "How very difficult to keep our Euphony."

Confucius and Christ both said, "Give your neighbours what you like and give not them what you do not like." Shall I proceed one step further? *Let us imagine ourselves as the third person.* This is my own home-made motto, and I use it as the preservative for the mental Leprosy. I confess I *am* jealous. I am selfish and I have temper—perhaps more than the majority. O how often I envied my friends who so easily succeeded! How very often I got angry when I was ill-treated!

Only if I had not my motto, I would have committed that dreadful insincerity each time. But every time I put myself in the third person's position, as if a man in a history book, and I began to read each page of my life. "Ha, ha, there was such a poor little Jap, what did he want?" Then I laughed at myself. Thus I safely escaped that fatal disease called *Insincerity*. On the other hand, my own motto saved me from that unnatural "modestness" which is common among the Orientals, and which I must say is as insincere as the haughtiness because it often makes one a liar. For when I think myself as the third person, I can easily push myself on if I think I am quite right to do so. In short words, I can see exactly how much ground in this world to dwell in—neither more nor less than I really deserve. We have sayings in Japan, "The Bystanders can see the games eight times quicker than the players"; or, "The doctor often misjudges his own illness." Because when one thinks of himself too much as the first person, he may easily be blinded either by over-valuing or under-valuing himself.

The other day, I saw the advertising maps by some railway company. Their own roads were drawn with quite straight lines and the other companies' with much curved lines. You cannot rely upon such maps. Some ignorant country-folks may believe them. But I myself began to dislike that company. They say, "O, it is for the business purpose." I wonder is it the *real business* to deceive the public? We say in Japan, "The real man never shoots the sleeping birds." Look at those maps drawn by the geographers who do not belong to any railway company! How fair and how delightful when they are the third persons! How beautiful and how sacred are the ancient Chinese Classics! Because those old Chinese philosophers always thought of themselves as the third persons, perhaps quite unconsciously though.

When I was struggling my poverty in Sydney Street, some tea company commissioned me to make a poster for them. They sent me a Chinese picture as a specimen with a note—"Please carry out the design after this style." I looked at it very carefully. It was the poorest kind of Chinese picture. In China or Japan, twelve-year-old boy could do it quite easily. However there was lots of work. I took three weeks. The Company seemed quite satisfied. Now about the settling of the payment, I wrote a letter in this meaning—"Dear Sirs, I worked about nine hours a day for three weeks. So I could not possibly charge you less than ten guineas. But how very foolish you are. You see there is not much art in this. It is the *time* for which I charge you this price. Why don't you send your order to China or Japan from the next time? There are some poor boys who would be willing to do the same for a couple of pounds, &c."

One of my kind English friends came and saw my letter. He was furious. He has torn up my letter and said, "Oh, you fool! You are very poor. Don't you want to make money? Say you are only the person in England, who can do that and charge them £30 and don't write such rubbish!"

"Well, I want to make money, of course. But I shall try to make money with my own line, such as London Sketches, and then I can enjoy myself too. I shall never do such a poster which made me very unhappy."

"Unhappy? You suffered yourself for that poster? Then charge them £45."

"My dear friend, I can not break my moral, for which I feel it is worth living in this world. Without it, I could not be happy even if you make me a millionaire."

After my friend was gone, I simply sent an invoice of ten guineas to the tea company and prepared myself to write if they asked me again. Fortunately nothing happened any more, and still more fortunately I have begun to be able to live on entirely my own way.

I really think it is the human insincerity or the mental leprosy when one thinks the real business is to cheat or to deceive. I have so often been cheated and deceived, but I have never done the same to them. I often wonder if they are just as happy as I am now? Or are those scandal and gossip makers really so happy as I?

Now going back to the source of the mental leprosy, I think it very much depends on our early education, for the children are generally very sensitive. I often observe that when the children are naughty, their parents lose their temper. With the high blue vein on their fore-brows and raising their fists up they use most violent language towards the innocent children, and very often they smack the children's faces or kick them. Afterwards the parents would say, "Oh, we were training our children to be good." Under such an education (if it could be called "education"), how could the children grow natural and sincere? To me it seems they are sowing the seeds of the human insincerity into the children's hearts. We say, "What the elder people do, the youngster always imitates into the extremity."

I myself was very lucky when I was a child because my parents had never lost the balance of their mind. Whenever I was naughty they had always guided me into the right way with their tenderest hearts. I would have done the same, if I had children. But I must point out one common thing on the home education in Japan. Talking generally, the Japanese are more revengeful than some other nations. It is all through their home education, which becomes almost as their instinct. For instance, if the babies knock their heads against the door and cry, the parents or nurses always hit the door, and then the children feel so satisfied for that revenge, and smile. Why would they not explain the children that it was their own fault to knock their heads against it and the door itself has nothing to do with them?

You cannot imagine how much that impresses the children's brain to get the revengeful spirit. My nurse used to do the same to me, and although my parents were very thoughtful about the home education, they seemed quite unaware of it. Hence I used to have a very revengeful spirit until I went to California. There, while I was working as a domestic servant, one day I fed the chickens with the scrapings from the breakfast dishes. All the chickens were in the distance. But seeing their food, all of them hurried towards me. One poor tiny hen was stepped over by a large and strong rooster. She screamed loudly. She must have suffered dreadfully. Would she revenge? No, never. She trailed her badly hurt leg and rushed to her food at once, and there she enjoyed her breakfast thoroughly.

How comely, nay, how wise and how very noble seemed that hen to me then! It impressed me so deeply, especially at that time, because the Californians used to treat me rather savagely. Whenever they threw me stones or spat on me, I thought how should I revenge them, though I had no idea whatever to give them the same bodily harm. But now that poor little hen gave me such a great lesson. How very foolish I was to irritate my poor brain, when I was ill-treated! While I was irritated, my art and all other studies were almost entirely absent in my brain. That meant to delay my journey towards my own goal. Now I can tell you from the bottom of my heart that "vengeance" is one of the worst kind of leprosies which would ruin your whole life.

Let the "blue flies" attack us. Pray say not "Kill that fly!" for there are too many of them all over the world. We may lose our hand, our feet, or we may lose our eyesight. No matter how deformed we may become, we can carry on our ambition, as long as we are not infected by the mental leprosy. That was my resolution in California some sixteen years ago, and I am still carrying on my resolution until the death comes.

Would the death stop our resolution? No.

I can well imagine the future by reading the history of the past. Christ was crucified. Many earnest Christians were killed, and so with many Buddhists or Confucians or the patriots, only to strengthen their resolution in the future. As the human knowledge is advancing many religious superstitions have been found. But all the same, their human sincerity shall never die.

As the atmosphere in large towns is always impure, so with the human lives. As I said before, every human brain contains the portions of jealousy, selfishness, and temper and vengeance. Therefore when these humans are thickly populated, they are as dangerous as to handle the cordite. Especially so with the business men whose daily life is to deal with the other human beings. The infection of the mental leprosy is so imminent.

To my eyes almost all business men are more or less infected. How very different is the farmer's life in the country! Because they are living upon the nature, which is always true and sincere. I can never forget those delightful (if ignorant) peasants in my home village Koromo. Their hearts were simple and sincere and perfectly sound from that leprosy. Oh, the town people should go to the country and purify themselves.

CHAPTER IX

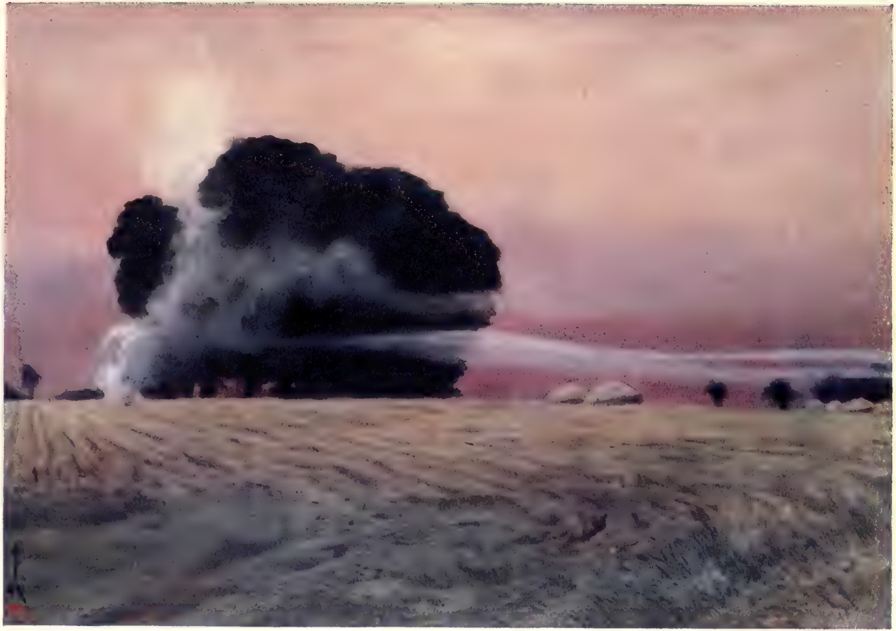
WEDHAMPTON

"The space between the heaven and earth is a temporary Inn.

"The space between one moment to the next is the journeying of the Eternity and our floating life is just like a dream. How is about our pleasure, then?

"In the olden time, the people used to light the candles indoors until the broad daylight for their evening pleasures. They had the good reason indeed.

"Ah, now you see the young gay Spring is beckoning us with her veiled view (the moonlight night in the Spring is always misty) and the earth is lending us her delightful essay (the essay of the earth means the flowers). Let us gather in the fragrant orchards of the pears and peaches. Let us compose this sacred joy of the Nature into words. All the men and women who are gathering here with me are Kei Ren (Kei Ren was an ancient great poet). But my verses are not worth before Kō Rak (another poet). Our



"WHITE LADY." WEDHAMPTON.

joyful words never end and our thoughts are growing purer and purer. We open our mat to sit under the blossoms. We raise our cups to drink for the moon. Unless we write our best poetries, we shall be much indebted to the Nature. One who cannot write any, must drink all the wine for the penalty."

This essay was written by that famous Chinese poet, Li Tah Po, when he invited all his poet friends to his orchard on a moonlight Spring evening.

Such a happy life they had some twelve hundred years ago. I used to recite this essay ever since I was eight or nine. It has been my dream. But so seldom have I expected its realisation in this busy world.

Once or twice I have told a friend of mine about my ideal life. She so modestly said, "Perhaps you will like my country cottage in Wedhampton. For there will be no 'beastly' business matter and everything is very quiet." Again she wrote me an invitation letter from Wedhampton, and added, "I was mistaken when I said there is no sound. The birds are singing all day from the early morning until the dusk."

I went there to seek Li Tah Po's joy, and I was well rewarded to get it in the realisation.

My first visit was just after the August

Bank Holiday in 1912. I took the train to a little village station, and from the station a car drive was four miles and a half on a beautiful asphalt road, sometimes curved vertically as well as horizontally in the thick woods, and sometimes quite straight in the corn-fields. It was a showery afternoon, and the most parts of the views were deeply enveloped in the fine white rain, as if they were representing some of my English friends—very kind-hearted, but well-reserved. So I judged the views in the same way as I judge my friends, and I imagined that what I could not see must be quite beautiful. Later on, to my delight, I found out my imagination was not mistaken. On each second I felt as if I was departing from the dusty world and getting into a sacred region, which only some poets or artists might have dreamed of, and in half an hour I was brought to the front door, which was wide open. The host and a few visitors were just having tea inside. We climbed up four or five of the old and round stone steps and joined to their tea. They were discussing about the weather, and someone ran to the next room to see the indication of a barometer. He came back with a long face. "Still falling!"

Luckily the weather never effected upon me, for I could enjoy the beauty of the rain as much as that of the sunshine.

On the very same night, two youngsters (one from Marlborough School and the other from Tonbridge) were to entertain us with their conjuring. They were quite professional, and I was much excited. By the way, I used to have such a mistaking opinion hitherto. I was always saying that the English boys were rather too rough for me, and the girls were my real companions. I believe I have written that somewhere else. Now having met with my young conjuring friends, I want to erase my phrase and say the English boys are no less delightful than the girls. The public will kindly forgive me, for I have not met with the well-brought-up boys until this time. I freely confess that I changed my opinion. The night was getting on so quickly. According to the very typical English custom, we took the whisky and soda for the sign of "good-night." On the dining-room table there were as many candles as the number of the guests. Each of us took candles to our own rooms.

My room was on the top floor. The large roof-beams were diagonally crossed down nearly to the floor and two windows projecting out—one to southward and one to westward. It was awfully exciting room! Some newly picked up flowers from the garden were arranged on the dressing-table and the mantelpiece. I smelled each of them just as the appreciation to the kind thought of the hostess. Then I went to the bed and put out the candle which I brought. Until this time I had not noticed that there was a night-candle in the fire-place. This fire-place is covered with a high railing, with many tiny pieces of iron. As soon as the other light was put out, the faint light of the night-candle began to throw the ghostly shadows of the railing all over the walls, ceiling, and bed. I felt as if I was caught by the cobweb. So absent-mindedly, I tried to catch the shadows on the bed, but the shadows were still there. I was much amused. Although I felt deadly sleepy, I opened my eyes again and again to enjoy this cobweb.

In the morning, I looked through the south window and saw a long lane of the laurel trees. I hurried myself down and began to see every bit of the ground. I learnt the lower part of the house was built at King John's time and the upper part a little later. I was just looking at those old stone roofs. One of the guests came to join me to breathe the morning air. He said to me, "Is it the hospitality of the hostess or is it the place itself that makes us so comfortable? Everyone thinks the hostess is his or her own special friend." How strange when I was listening to him, my recollection was gone more than thirty years ago, when I was a little boy. One evening when I was coming back from fishing, I saw a large full moon rising from the middle of my neighbour's gate. When I reached to my own gate, the same moon was facing me there. I ran to my father and said, "How strange is the moon to face me there and here exactly alike!" My father patted my back and said, "Ah, because the moon is so large the people hundreds of miles away would be seeing the same moon on their own gate directly facing towards everyone of them. So with us, the humans. When one has a big personality, the whole world would idolize him. Suppose you put your tiny playing-ball on our gate, could you see it from the gate of our neighbours? When you are grown up it will be your own choice whether to be a moon or a tiny ball."

Indeed the great personality is just like the moon. A little person may think she is facing only to him, but the fact is she is facing to everyone. A little person may think she has many faces, but the fact is she has only one face. A little person may think if she gives all her rays to the others, she may not be able to shine on him, but the fact is she is shining equally to everybody. Oh, this wonderful moonbeam! It can be worshipped by everybody, but it cannot be possessed by anyone, for the moon is not a small play-ball.

It was one of the evenings while I was staying at Wedhampton, just before the dinner-bell rung, I saw the large round, round, perfectly round, pale moon shyly appearing on the half-dusk sky above the lilac trees in the eastern corner of the gardens. My heart was filled with the joy and amazement. I said to the moon, "Au revoir until I finish my dinner," and I went in. Oh, the moon, the full moon to-night! I did not know what I was eating or drinking. I could not hear what the people were talking at the table. There seemed a gay party was going on, but I myself rushed out of the door. By this time, the very last ray of the setting sun had entirely died out to give the whole world to the moon. She was no longer shy. Her glittering face was pouring out the silvery beam to the trees, grasses, buildings, roads, and everywhere.

Now then, I got frightfully busy. Where and how shall I see the moon? And how to sketch her? Shall I sketch her just between those two trees? Shall I put the moon on my back and sketch that white-walled cottage? I went back to my room and fetched my sketch-block at once. I walked round the house twice or three times. Then I walked to the tennis ground several times. I made one rough note at one place and went to another place. I went back to the same place again to study the effect of the colour once more, nay twice more! I lamented the time was too short, or else I might have made hundreds of sketches!

Oh, how much I have struggled! It was the artist's mania. The artists alone know what I mean. It is agony rather than joy.

Have you ever seen the swallows chasing after the gnats and mosquitoes? They so busily fly around the same place again and again, then they swiftly fly away.

To forget myself, I like a swallow opened the gate and ran swiftly to the open field. I tried to see that vast and wavy Salisbury Plain in front of me and I could hardly see. I began to doubt whether I was opening my eyes or not. The pale blue veil was descending from the azure to tone down every small detail. It looked to me as if it did no longer belong to this world. Just nearer to my own feet, all the green grasses were bearing abundant dews and each of them reflected the beam of the moon as if millions of stars have come down upon the earth. The moon alone was getting clearer and clearer on the spotless blue sky. She was just like a large crystal ball. I was no longer a poor mania-stricken artist. I forgot about paintings, I forgot where I had my sketch-block, and I forgot my newly bought shoes were wet through with the dews. That little Jap called Yoshio Markino was no longer there as far as I remember. I wondered if I was the incarnation of Li Tah Po. Which direction was our house? I did not care. Only I walked and walked, facing towards the beautiful moon.

In such a moment, it is the human nature to recite something. Japan and China are very rich with the poetries of the moon. I began to recite those which were floating up from the recollection in my brain. I repeated many of Li Tah Po's. I finished that famous long poetry, "The night of flower and moon on the Spring streamlet," by Cho Jak Kio, and I was just going to finish "Seki Heki" by So-To-Ba with these words—"Everything in this world has its own 'possessor,' and as long as it is not my own belonging, I dare not touch even a piece of hair. (The writer meant that all the greedy humans have divided this whole world among themselves and left so little to him.) Ah! but only this cool breeze over the river and that beautiful moon between the mountains! Our ears take them to make the tunes, and our eyes take them to make the colours. We take them all and yet we are not forbidden. We use them all and yet they are never consumed. This is really the everlasting magazine of the Creator. And you and I are most contented with it."

A night-jar flew across the moon leaving a few notes behind. Two or three owls hooted on the tree behind. Again I heard their voices faintly, again I heard their voices clearer, as if they were reminding me there was the distance in this mysterious picture, which showed no details to indicate the perspective. Oh, you night-jars, and you owls, how well you know the right keys to harmonize with this wonderful nature! No human musicians could ever reach to you!

"G-oo-d Ni-ght!"

Hallo! a human voice! How strange I felt to hear the human voice! It was a cyclist who passed before me! His greeting has brought me back to my own sense.

Indeed, it might be very late. Surely it must be the time for "good-night." I hurried to the house. The hostess was already gone to her bed. The host and a few men guests were just having their last pipe. I went up to that cobweb room and laid down myself on the bed. But my soul slipped out of doors and went to that open field, just to bathe in the sacred moonbeam once more and just to listen to the night-jar and owls once more. Was it a dream? Or a réveillé? Or the reality?

I heard my door knocked. It was the house-maid who came to prepare my morning bath! I opened my eyes. The sun was high up, throwing some shadows on the window, and hundreds of birds were twittering on the tree. Where was the moon gone? She must be flirting with some modern Li Tah Pos in the other quarters of the world.

This is indeed the place where the nature is unspoilt with the impurity of the human world. I have frequented my visits there for several times already to breathe the pure atmosphere, to approach nearer to the pure nature as well as to seek the sincere friendship. One wet evening I had to sleep in another little cottage near the main house. A passage led along the laurel lane for a few yards and then through the foliage tunnel, which had a few bricks and stone steps here and there, very irregularly. One of the guests put on his mackintosh, and with a lantern in his hand guided me to the cottage. The lamp threw out its long rays in eight directions through between its eight bones. Two or three rays caught the wet green foliages which were glittering like emeralds or sapphires against the velvet background. Where the earth was hollowed, there the rain-water was filled, to reflect the light as the splash of the phosphorous. My friend, stretching the lamp in his hand backwards, was jumping over the small temporary ponds—and I followed after him. Now and then huge drops of the rain from the trees bombarded our mackintoshes. I lamented that the passage was not long enough. I would like to have such a romantic journey for many miles.

Lately I bought a pair of the field-glasses and I took them to Wedhampton. It was a great success. From the little thatched-roof summer-house, I used my field-glasses to see Salisbury Plain about a mile away.

I take the glasses to my eyes. At first everything looks very faint and vague. I roll the screw up and up and all the objects are getting larger and larger. Suddenly everything turns up as clearly as possible. It is the focus. If I pass this focus, they begin to look more and more faintly. Ah, the *focus* is most wonderful thing!

A little black dot turns up to be a human. I could see even his expression. Or a little green mass turned up to be a tree and I could see each of its leaves. How very wonderful! It is not only the field-glasses which have their focus. Our human life too has the focus—and only one focus. Confucius said: "To be in excess is just as bad as to be in deficiency." If the sympathy in our hearts and the wisdom in our heads were precisely fixed to their accurate focuses, we could see this world much clearer; and if we could see the world most clearly, we could enjoy our own lives as well as do our duties most satisfactorily. Everyone of the critical questions in this world would come to this one question: *Is the accurate focus fixed?*

Just for one example. Are the militant suffragettes really fixing their focus when they commit the public annoyances? Or are they doing them without seeing the matter clearly enough? Some of them said to me, "There is no other way." Is there really no other way for them? Or could they not see the way because they are out of the focus?

I must put the same question to the anti-suffragettes too: "Is your focus precisely fixed?"

By the way, it is strange to me to notify some queer phenomenon in the English life. It is quite a private matter to my own life. While I was mixed among those very poor people in London they used to understand me better. Because they were so simple and sincere. They trusted me, therefore they understood me thoroughly. I was perfectly happy. Nowadays some of the upper class people have a little suspicion to entangle me with. Especially so with some who had been in Japan and had some bad experiences with some bad Japanese there.

If I do something for them from the bottom of my heart, they often say, "Ah, Markino is a Jap, we don't know what he meant by that." I always give a deep sigh! At first, I was thinking to discuss it under the chapter "Human Insincerity." But considering the matter very carefully, I have come to the conclusion that this is not so bad and so serious as that. They often suspect me simply because their *focus* is out, or perhaps their mental field-glasses are dusty.

Oh, pray let me wipe off the dust or fix the focus for them. Then they can see me clearer and then I can enjoy myself with them as much as I did with those delightful poor people.

I feel even that Anti-Jap question in California owes a great deal to the out-of-focus on both sides—Americans as well as Japanese.

I wish I could supply the mental field-glasses to everybody in this world, so that they would see this world most clearly. It would avoid many unnecessary tragedies.

Now, returning to my own field-glasses. I have received another amusement (very unexpected one too) from them.

Just in front of the summer-house there is a beautiful and well-laid tennis ground. I learnt it was the hostess's special desire to keep the grasses around the tennis ground quite wild, for that gave more country-like feelings. The thrushes, blackbirds, robins, and many other birds (whose English names I don't know) come out from the wildly grown-up grasses to the tennis ground to pick up the worms or to chase each other. They are some sixty or seventy feet away. Through my field-glasses, I could see their eyes, bills, and every feather so plainly. It is really a very good study of the natural history.

One morning, I saw on the tree near the tennis ground some round thing. My glasses identified it as a baby owl. I was so excited. The gardeners came and caught it and they found out another baby owl. They were such a nice pair. To my great delight, the hostess decided to keep them. First we put them in a cage, but a few days later some guest suggested they should be kept in a wood hut. They are getting tamer and tamer every day. They twist their heads to look at us wherever we go and seem as if they are saying, "What are you doing there?" No doubt they are another great addition to the fascinations of Wedhampton.

There is an old stone lion standing just on the middle way between the station and Wedhampton. He looks like the Comacine Lions which you see everywhere in Italy. He is always beckoning us with his two paws. I always take my hat off whenever I pass before him. He has some wonderful magic power to attract my heart. Once my friend and I climbed up to the Salisbury Plain. I fixed my eyes on the direction of this lion. I saw only the slope of the hill so faintly in the pinkish-grey haze. But when I saw there through my field-glasses, I found out the lion so distinctly. My heart jumped with joy as if the two lovers were in sight to each other. All my friends ask me: "Why are you always so excited with that lion?" I could not answer them, because if I tried to put my feeling into the words, that would convey my meaning so very little or perhaps it might give my feeling absolutely in wrong way. One or two friends of mine nodded their heads in silence. The real understanding in silence is much greater than the eloquence in the vulgar and cheap human languages. That wonderful sympathy is universal and immortal.

THE END

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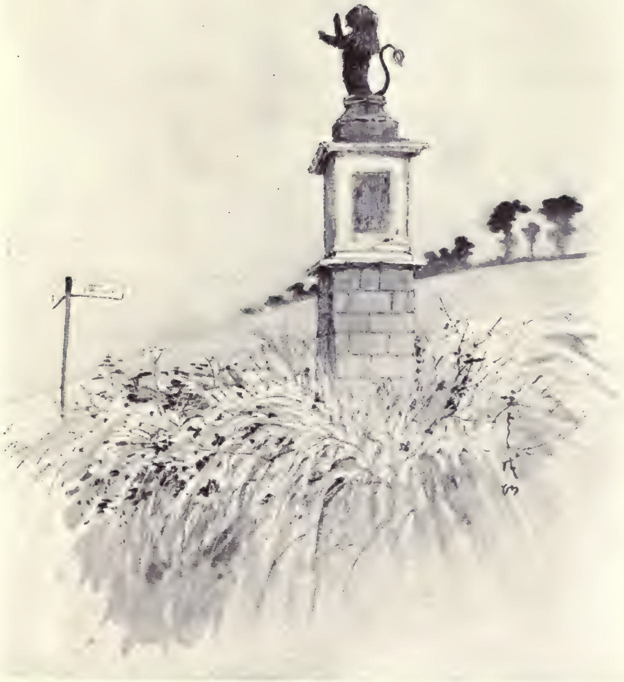

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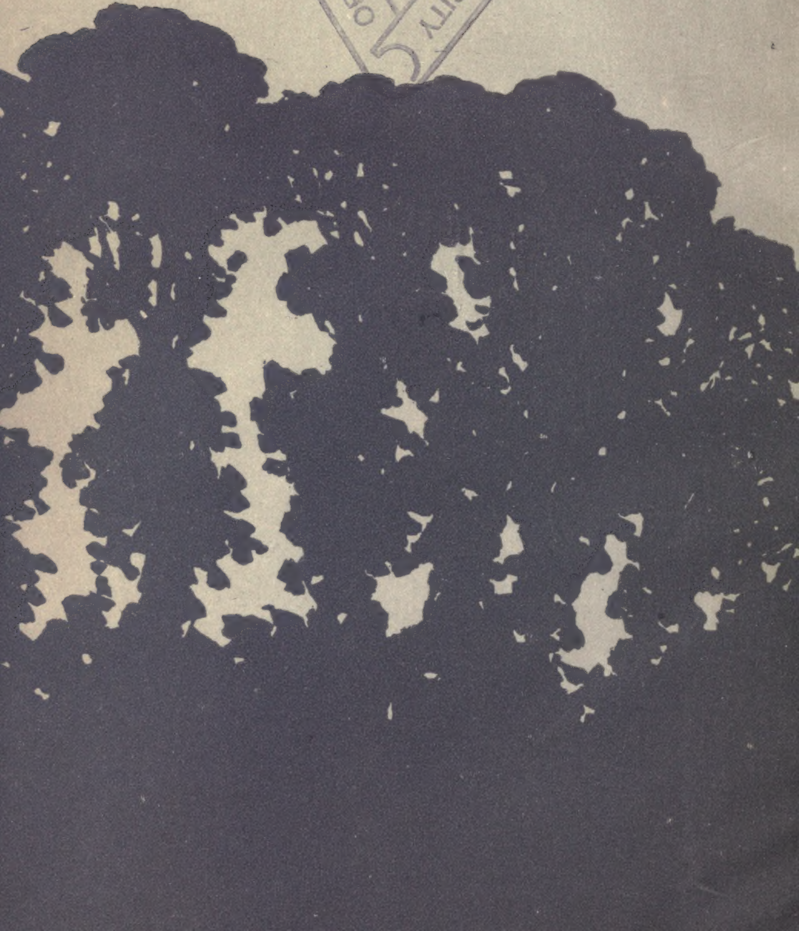

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